

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1934.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

PRICE
THREEPENCE
Stamped Edition, 4d.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Just published, a PRICE-LIST of MOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS, taken for the Science and Art Department, by the Official Photographer, C. THURSTON THOMPSON.

Contents.

Published by MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

The Cartoons of Raffaello, No. 2.
Original Drawings, by Raffaello, in the Museum of the Louvre.
The Holbein Portraits.
Enamelled Carpets, &c., in the Museum of the Louvre.
Crytals, &c., in the Museum of the Louvre.
Selections from the Art Collections in the South Kensington Museum.

Selected Specimens from the Special Loan Exhibition of 1862.
Italian Sculpture in the South Kensington Museum.

Published by Mr. THURSTON THOMPSON.

Decorative Specimens exhibited at Gore House, in 1853.

The Cartoons of Raffaello, No. 1.

Studies from the Cartoons.
Selections from the Soulgates Collection.

Studies of Trees from Nature.

The Museum of Art.
Ancient Arms and Armour.
Rare Engravings of Ornaments.

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Turner's Water-Scenery.

The Cartoons of Raffaello, Nos. 3, 4, 5.

Portraits of the Tudor Family.

Extracted from a Minutes passed by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

"My Lords take into consideration the several recent publications from negative which have been produced from objects of Art being public property, or lent to the Department, such publications as may be deemed useful to be issued to the public through the ordinary channels of trade."

"The success of these experiments leads their Lordships to determine that in all future sales of positives to the public shall be conducted by the trade, and no sales of positives be made by the Department, except in so far as action hereafter shall be limited wholly to the production of negatives, and to the issue of positives as prizes to the Schools of Art, and as presentation copies to proprietors who may lend their works."

London: CHAPMAN & HALL, Agents to the Science and Art Department for the Sale of Photographs, 183, Piccadilly. Price Fourpence.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS IN LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the MATRICULATION and SECOND YEAR EXAMINATIONS of the Associates of the Institute of Actuaries will be held at the Rooms of the Institute, No. 12, St. James's Square, on SATURDAY, the 17th of December, at 12 at noon.

THE THIRD YEAR EXAMINATION will be held on MONDAY, the 19th of December, at the same place and hour. Candidates must give Fourteen Days' Notice of their intention to present themselves for Examination.

All Candidates must have paid their Subscriptions prior to the Day of Examination.

A syllabus of the Examinations may be obtained at the Rooms of the Institute.

By Order of the Council,

(Signed) JOHN REDDISH, J. HILL WILLIAMS, Hon. Secs.

12, St. James's-square, S.W.

DR. PICK ON MEMORY.—Dr. PICK begs to announce that he will RESUME his LECTURES on MONDAY, November 20, 1864, at 8 P.M., at the Royal Palace; on FRIDAYS, at King's College; on SATURDAYS, at Queen's College, Harley-street. Prospectus and Books on Memory, 2s. 6d.; On Language, 3s. 6d., sent by post on receipt of stamp—Address, 6, Bryanston-street, W.

JEW'S HOSPITAL, LOWER NORWOOD

(Borough of Minster-in-Arden)—GEORGE COHEN of the Jewish Religion to TAKE CHARGE of the EDUCATION of the BOYS, and to assist in the duties of the Synagogue in the above-named Institution. A liberal Salary will be given.—Application, or before the 1st of December, to be made by letter to MOSES LEVY, Esq. (Chairman of the Education Committee), 28, Hyde Park-square, W.

By order, S. COTMON, Sec.

BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINHAM.—HAM.—

THE SIXTEENTH GREAT ANNUAL FAIR OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, AND IMPLEMENTS, will be held on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, November 29th, 30th, and December 1st.—FOR SPECIAL RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS, see the Advertisements and Bills of the Companies.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION of DOGS.

THE FIFTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of SPORTING and OTHER DOGS will be held in Paradise-street, near Bingley Hall, BIRMINGHAM, on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, November 29th, 30th, and December 1st.—FOR THE CATTLE and POULTRY SHOW. FOR SPECIAL RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS, see the Advertisements and Bills of the Companies.

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MRS. CROUDACE'S Classes for the Study of DRAWING and PAINTING in Oils, Water Colours, Pastels, and Chalks, will recommence on Monday, the 21st inst., at 15, RUELL PLACE, FITZROY-SQUARE.—Mrs. Croudace visits Black-well, Baywater, Brompton, &c.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING.—Session 1864-5.

The following Courses of Public Lectures will be given in connexion with the above School. Programme, giving the dates of these Lectures, which will be delivered from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, may be had on application at the South Kensington Museum.

Fee for the Full Course, £1.; and for Separate Courses, 2s. 6d. per Lecture. Persons in H.M. Service are admitted at reduced fees.

Subject. Lecturer.

1. Inaugural Lecture. Rev. J. Woolley, LL.D.

2. On the Principles of Mechanics and Hydrostatics, Machinery, and Elements of Mechanism. The Rev. B. M. Cowie, B.D.

3. On the Mechanical and Chemical Properties of Iron; and on the Metallurgy of Iron. (6 lectures) John Percy, M.D. F.R.S.

4. On the Properties of Different Kinds of Timber; its Application and Durability. (3 lectures) T. Haslett, Timber Inspector, H.M. Dockyard, Woolwich.

5. On the Use and Application of Iron to form Mechanical Structures. (6 lectures) Prof. Pole, F.R.S.

6. On the Practical Construction of Ships in Wood, and Iron, and the methods of combining them with Iron in Shipbuilding; and on Forms of Ships. (8 lectures) E. J. Reed, Chief Constructor of the Navy.

7. On Marine Steam Engines and Boilers. (8 lectures) A. Murray, C.E., Chief Engineer, Her Majesty's Dockyard, Portsmouth.

8. On the Strength and Materials as applied to Shipbuilding. (8 lectures) Prof. Rankine, F.R.S.

9. On the Motion of Bodies through Water, the Resistance of Fluids, and the Motion of Waves. (3 lectures) Prof. Rankine, F.R.S.

10. On the Stability and Oscillation of Ships. (3 lectures) W. Froude.

11. On the Mechanism of Masts, Rigging, Sails, and Steering Apparatus. (6 lectures) F. Barnes and N. Barnes, Assistant Constructors of the Navy.

12. On the Principles of Marine Propulsion. (4 lectures) J. Crossland, Assistant Constructor of the Navy. F. Petty Smith.

13. On Screw Propellers. (1 lecture) C. W. Merrifield, F.R.S., Principal.

14. On Calculations and the Use of Instruments in Shipbuilding. (4 lectures) The Astronomer Royal.

15. On Magnetic Errors, Compensations, and Corrections, with special reference to Iron Ships and their Construction. (3 lectures) F. K. Barnes and N. Barnes, Assistant Constructors of the Navy.

16. On the Fitting up of Equipment of Stores, Armament, and Outfit of Ships of War. (6 lectures) F. K. Barnes and N. Barnes, Assistant Constructors of the Navy.

17. On Lloyd's Rules for Classing of Wood and Iron Ships. (2 lectures) J. H. Ritchie, Surveyor of Lloyd's.

18. On Naval Artillery and Naval Tactics. (6 lectures) Capt. L. G. Heath, R.N., C.B.

19. On Board of Trade Regulations. (2 lectures) R. Murray, C.E., Engineer-Surveyor to the Board of Trade.

Mr. W. Fairbairn, F.R.S., has kindly consented to give one or more Lectures on Strength of Materials, of which the date will be fixed hereafter.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS, 9, CONDUIT-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE, W.

VOLUNTARY EXAMINATION, 1865.

The LAST DAY for sending in application papers and preliminary work is SATURDAY, November 26, 1864. Further particulars of the above, together with Prize Papers, and other information can be obtained on application to the Librarian. The Book of Regulations for the next year is now published, price 2s. 6d.

The Sessional Papers for the past Session 1863-64, bound in limp cloth, may now be had as above. Price, to non-members, 1s. 1s.—To members (one extra copy), 1s. 6d.

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LITERATURE

Travels in Central Asia; being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, performed in the Year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry. (Murray.)

BETWEEN lat. 37° and 40° north, and long. 54° and 64° east, lies a tract of country in which beyond all dispute, a traveller's life and liberty are more endangered than in any other part of the world. Though in certain places, as near the Gurgan, Atrek, and Murghab rivers, lines of verdure exist, the whole region is for the most part a desolate wilderness, where water is not procurable, and venomous serpents are almost the only living things. But repulsive as the aspect of nature here is, it owes its worst features to the violence of man. Along the rivers which have been mentioned, on the shore of the Caspian, and on the skirts of the desert, dwell a nation, of whom it may be said as truly as of the Arabs, that "their hand is against every man," and that too, though every man's hand be not against them. If robbery, man-stealing, and murder be crimes, then are the Turkomans one of the most odious races that ever marred the earth's surface. Nothing that has been written, or imagined, of the horrors of negro traffic can exceed the reality of what is inflicted on their miserable captives by the Turkoman man-stealers. These infamous robbers in a moment reduce a peaceful village, a smiling district, to heaps of ruins and a barren waste, slaughter the old and weakly, and carry off the other inhabitants to what must be, in default of ransom, a hopeless slavery. Into this inhospitable region the adventurous author of the book before us did not hesitate to plunge, and it may safely be affirmed, that no traveller, even in Africa, ever incurred greater risk, or encountered hardships and dangers with more cheerfulness and presence of mind. Yet all his zeal and all his courage would have been unavailing without the astonishing linguistic acquirements which enabled him to pass off, in spite of his European features, not only as an Osmanli, but as a learned doctor of Mohammedan law.

M. Vámbéry, born at Duna Szerdahely, in Hungary, in 1832, and a member of the Hungarian Academy at Pesth, after passing several years at Constantinople in studying Turkish, was sent by the Academy to which he belonged to make philological researches in Central Asia. The volume before us records the mere facts of his journey; the fruits of his scientific mission will be presented to the public hereafter.

It was on the 13th of July, 1862, that Reshid Efendi (so the Hungarian traveller styled himself) reached Teheran, the capital of Persia; but it was not till the 28th of March, 1863, that he left that city to encounter the dangers of the Turkoman desert, and to visit Khiva and Bokhara, where so many Europeans who preceded him had perished. Of the four perilous routes which lead to Bokhara, that by Astarabad to Khiva is, perhaps, the least unsafe. In that direction a man might not probably go beyond selling his wife, whereas, on the east, a Teke Turkoman would not hesitate to plunder and sell the sacred person of the Prophet himself. But even with the brutal Turkoman, the holy filthiness of a Sunni pilgrim from Mecca is respected, and M. Vámbéry's zeal of travel was ardent enough to enable him to assume that character. Strong in his knowledge of Turkish and Arabic, and supported by

the Tugra of the Sultan, and the recommendation of the Turkish minister at Teheran, he prevailed on the Court Imam of the Chinese Mohammedan Governor of Aksu, named Hadji Bilal, and twenty-two other filthy mendicants to accept him as a brother pilgrim. This association was ratified by a solemn embrace and kiss, "in performing which ceremony," says our author, "I had, it is true, some feeling of aversion to struggle against. I did not like such close contact with those clothes and bodies impregnated with all kinds of odours." But it is astonishing how soon civilized man forgets his acquired habits of cleanliness, and M. Vámbéry announces that he was soon, like the rest of his brethren, "engaged in an occupation of the toilette which he will not offend the reader by recording"; nay, that he at last became the dirtiest of the pilgrim fraternity, who, he tells us, in comparison with him, "looked really like gentlemen." Under these circumstances, we are not surprised that, when the day of parting came, our author "wept like a child" when at Samarcand he tore himself from the embraces which seemed so repulsive at Teheran. If, however, his assumed character of dervish compelled the author to endure the hugs of his ragged brethren, it was, perhaps, some compensation when, on first landing on the Turkoman coast, "women of the greatest beauty, some girls even, hurried up to embrace him." A still greater satisfaction must have been felt on his being permitted, under the protection of Kizil Akhond, a priest of the Turkomans, near Astarabad, to visit the curious ruins in that neighbourhood, which are said to be those of a rampart built by Alexander the Great. Notwithstanding the confidence that Kizil Akhond and the fair sex had in the author, there were some that doubted, and he was in no little danger from one Kulkhan, the arch-fiend of the Atrek,—"a word of terror and a curse for the unfortunate inhabitants of Mazandaran."

Escaped from the clutches of Kulkhan and the presence of the Khan of Khiva, who never passes a day without pronouncing the fatal words "*Alib berin*" (away with him!), which hurry some unfortunate to a cruel death, M. Vámbéry was nearly perishing of thirst in the frightful desert between Khiva and Bokhara. His sufferings are thus described:—

"But let alone the Tebbad, the oppressive heat by day had already left us without strength, and two of our poorer companions, forced to tramp on foot by the side of their feeble beasts, having exhausted all their water, fell so sick that we were forced to bind them at full length upon the camels, as they were perfectly incapable of riding or sitting. We covered them, and as long as they were able to articulate they kept exclaiming, 'Water! water!' the only words that escaped their lips. Alas! even their best friends denied them the life-dispensing draught; and when we, on the fourth day, reached Medemin Bulag one of them was freed by death from the dreadful torments of thirst. It was one of the three brothers who had lost their father at Mecca. I was present when the unfortunate man drew his last breath. His tongue was quite black, the roof of his mouth a greyish white; in other respects his features were not much disfigured, except that his lips were shrivelled, the teeth exposed, and the mouth open. I doubt much whether, in these extreme sufferings, water would have been of service; but who was there to give it to him? It is a horrible sight to see the father hide his store of water from the son, and brother from brother; each drop is life, and when men feel the torture of thirst, there is not, as in the other dangers of life, any spirit of self-sacrifice, or any feeling of generosity. We passed three days in the sandy parts of the desert. We had now to gain the firm plain, and come in sight of the Khalata mountains, that stretch away toward the north.

Unhappily, disappointment again awaited us. Our beasts were incapable of further exertion, and we passed a fourth day in the sand. I had still left about six glasses of water in my leatheren bottle. These I drank drop by drop, suffering, of course, terribly from thirst. Greatly alarmed to find that my tongue began to turn a little black in the centre, I immediately drank off at a draught half of my remaining store, thinking so to save my life; but, oh! the burning sensation, followed by headache, became more violent towards the morning of the fifth day, and when we could just distinguish, about mid-day, the Khalata mountains from the clouds that surrounded them, I felt my strength gradually abandon me. The nearer we approached the mountains, the thinner the sand became, and all eyes were searching eagerly to discover a drove of cattle or shepherd's hut, when the Kervanbashi and his people drew our attention to a cloud of dust that was approaching, and told us to lose no time in dismounting from the camels. These poor brutes knew well enough that it was the Tebbad that was hurrying on; uttering a loud cry, they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. We entrenched ourselves behind them, lying there as behind a wall; and scarcely had we, in our turn, knelt under their cover, than the wind rushed over us with a dull, clattering sound, leaving us, in its passage, covered with a crust of sand two fingers thick. The first particles that touched me seemed to burn like a rain of flakes of fire. Had we encountered it when we were six miles deeper in the desert, we should have all perished. I had not time to make observations upon the disposition of fever and vomiting caused by the wind itself, but the air became heavier and more oppressive than before. Where the sand comes entirely to an end, three different ways are visible: the first (22 miles long) passes by Karaköl; the second (18 miles), through the plain to the immediate vicinity of Bokhara; the third (20 miles) traverses the mountains where water is to be met with, but it is inaccessible to camels on account of its occasional steepness. We took, as it had been previously determined, the middle route, the shortest, particularly as we were animated by the hope of finding water amongst those who tended their flocks there. Towards evening we reached fountains that had not yet been visited this year by the shepherds; the water, undrinkable by man, still refreshed our beasts. We were ourselves all very ill, like men half dead, without any animation but that which proceeded from the now well-grounded hope that we should all be saved! I was no longer able to dismount without assistance; they laid me upon the ground; a fearful fire seemed to burn my entrails; my headache reduced me almost to a state of stupefaction. My pen is too feeble to furnish even a slight sketch of the martyrsdom that thirst occasions; I think that no death can be more painful. Although I have found myself able to nerve myself to face all other perils, here I felt quite broken. I thought, indeed, that I had reached the end of my life. Towards midnight we started, I fell asleep, and on awaking in the morning found myself in a mud hut, surrounded by people with long beards; in these I immediately recognised children of 'Iran.' They said to me: 'Shuma ki Hadji nistid' (You, certainly, are no Hadji). I had no strength to reply. They at first gave me something warm to drink, and a little afterwards some sour milk mixed with water and salt, called here 'Airan': that gave me strength and set me up again."

Of all the dangerous places through which the author passed, Bokhara is perhaps the most perilous to a European, "because the government has carried the system of espionage to just as high a pitch of perfection as the population has attained pre-eminence in every kind of profligacy and wickedness." But even here his intrepidity and learning not only rendered him safe, but procured for him the place of honour in the chief nest of Islamite fanaticism, with the appropriate encomium, "Hadji Reshid

is not only a good Mussulman but, at the same time, a learned Mollah; to have any suspicion of him is a mortal sin."

M. Vámbéry informs us that Mozaffar-ed-din Khan, the present Emir, or Ruler, of Bokhara, unlike the sanguinary tyrant his father, the murderer of Stoddart, Conolly, and so many others, is, though severe, a well-disposed man. "He has a very pleasing countenance, fine black eyes and a thin beard," and contents himself "with four legitimate wives and about twenty others." Our author displayed happy audacity in his interview with this monarch, which removed entirely some dangerous suspicions regarding his nationality. We read—

"I was in the midst of the preparations for my departure, when the Emir made his triumphal entry, which, as it had been announced three days previously, great crowds assembled in the Righistan to witness. No particular pomp, however, distinguished it. The procession was opened by about 200 Serbaz, who had thrown leather accoutrements over their clumsy Bokhariot dress, and that was supposed to entitle them to the name of regular troops. Far in their rear, there followed troops in ranks with standards and kettle-drums. The Emir Mozaffar-ed-din, and all his escort of higher functionaries, looked, with their snow-white turbans and their wide silk garments of all the colours of the rainbow, more like the chorus of women in the opera of 'Nebuchadnezzar' than a troop of Tartar warriors. So also it may be said with respect to other officers of the court, of whom some bore white staves and others halberds, that there was in the whole procession nothing to remind one of Turkestan, except in the followers, of whom many were Kiptchaks, and attracted attention by their most original Mongol features, and by the arms which they bore, consisting of bows, arrows and shields. The day of his entry the Emir made, by public notice, a national holiday. Several of their kettles of monstrous size were put in requisition, and brought forward in the Righistan, for boiling the 'princely Pilow,' which consisted of the following ingredients in each kettle:—a sack of rice, three sheep chopped to pieces, a large pan of sheep's fat (enough to make, with us, five pounds of candles), a small sack of carrots; all these were allowed to boil, or perhaps we had better call it ferment, together, and, as tea was also served out at discretion, the eating and drinking proceeded bravely. The day following it was announced that an Arz (public audience) would take place. I took advantage of the opportunity to present myself to the Emir under the conduct of my friends; but to my surprise, on entering, our party was stopped by a Mehrem, who informed us that his Majesty wished to see me apart from my companions. This was a blow, for we all now suspected that something was going wrong. I followed the Mehrem, and, after being kept an hour waiting, I was introduced into a room which I had on a previous occasion visited, and there I now saw the Emir sitting on a mattress or ottoman of red cloth, surrounded by writings and books. With great presence of mind, I recited a short Sura, with the usual prayer for the welfare of the Sovereign, and after the Amen, to which he himself responded, I took my seat, without permission, quite close to his royal person. The boldness of my proceeding—quite, however, in accordance with the character which I assumed—seemed not displeasing to him. I had long forgotten the art of blushing, and so was able to sustain the look which he now directed full in my face, with the intention, probably, of disconcerting me. 'Hadjí, thou comest, I hear, from Roum, to visit the tombs of Baha-ed-din, and the saints of Turkestan.'—'Yes, Takhshir (sire); but also to quicken myself by the contemplation of thy sacred beauty' (Djemali mubarek), according to the forms of conversation usual on these occasions.—'Strange! and thou hast then no other motive in coming hither from so distant a land?'—'No, Takhshir (sire), it has always been my warmest desire to behold the noble Bokhara, and the enchanting Samarcand, upon whose sacred soil,

as was remarked by Sheikh Djelal, one should rather walk on one's head than on one's feet. But I have, besides, no other business in life, and have long been moving about everywhere as a Djihangésite' (world pilgrim).—'What, thou, with thy lame foot, a Djihangésite! This is really astonishing.'—'I would be thy victim!' (an expression equivalent to 'pardon me.') 'Sire, thy glorious ancestor (peace be with him!) had certainly the same infirmity, and he was even Djihanghir' (conqueror of the world). This reply was agreeable to the Emir, who now put questions to me respecting my journey, and the impression made upon me by Bokhara and Samarcand. My observations, which I incessantly strove to ornament with Persian sentences and verses from the Koran, produced a good effect upon him, for he is himself a Mollah, and tolerably well acquainted with Arabic. He directed that I should be presented with a Serpay (dress) and thirty Tenghe, and dismissed me with the command that I should visit him a second time in Bokhara. When I had received the princely present, I hurried, like a man possessed by a devil, back to my friends, who were delighted at my good fortune. I heard (and there is no improbability in the account) that Rahmet Bi had drawn up his report concerning me in ambiguous terms, and that the Emir had consequently conceived suspicions. My triumph was entirely owing to the flexibility of my tongue (which is really impudent enough). In fact, I had every reason on this occasion to appreciate the truth of the Latin proverb, 'Quot linguis cales to homines vales'."

After this, except from the plundering Turkomans, Jamshidis, and others, danger was at an end. No one could doubt the sanctity of a man who had been treated with respect by the Emir himself, and who had been the guest of one of the most saintly of the spiritual guides of the Turkomans, who when reciting the sacred poems "used to place before him a cup with water, into which he spat at the end of each poem; and this composition, into which the sanctity of the text had penetrated, was sold to the best bidder as a wonder-working medicine." At Herat, however, where M. Vámbéry arrived in November, 1863, a man less self-possessed would have been startled into an avowal of his nationality by the behaviour of the young prince governor, Sardar Muhammad Yakub Khan, who has been left in charge of the ruined city by Shir Ali Khan, the present ruler of Kabul. With his accustomed aplomb our author had seated himself between the Prince and the Vizir, "after having required the latter, a corpulent Afghan, to make room by a push with the foot." He then repeated the usual Arabic prayer required by the law, when the Prince half rose from his chair, and pointing with his finger, called out, "I swear you are an Englishman." It required the solemn asseveration, "He who takes, even in sport, the believer for an unbeliever is himself an unbeliever," to put to flight this suspicion. At Meshed, M. Vámbéry was able to repose and recruit himself under the hospitable roof of Col. Dolmäge, an officer formerly in Her Majesty's service, but who now holds a distinguished post in the service of the Shah. On the 20th of January, of this year, the author reached Teheran, whence he returned by Tabriz to Europe.

If it be now inquired what great results have been attained by this most adventurous and dangerous journey of the Hungarian traveller, it will be, perhaps, best to point to the forthcoming volume of philological researches as the answer. Interesting as the adventures here recorded are, the new facts brought to notice would hardly weigh against the life of such an accomplished Orientalist which was momentarily periled in pursuit of them. And this leads to the observation that without inquiry

whether scientific ends justify a man's professing a religion which he knows to be false, the deceit does not appear to be very successful even with regard to its immediate objects, while indirectly it does incalculable mischief. M. Vámbéry, himself, acknowledges that the fact of his assuming a false character made it impossible for him to ask even the commonest questions. He says, "I had only to touch upon a question relating to ordinary life, or to show a curiosity for some matter or other, to make men wonderingly ask what a Dervish, whose proper study was only God and religion, had to do with the affairs of this transitory world." Again he says: "I was very much annoyed at not daring to put any questions as to the names of the different stations." It would be a less difficult, but a bolder and better thing for a European to go without disguise through Central Asia, and by a fearless frankness disarm the suspicions of the natives, whom these masquerades are calculated to inflame to madness. It is not so very long ago that Mr. Thomson went to Khiva, and that Col. Pelly passed through Afghanistan in the avowed character of a British officer.

It must be remembered, too, that however lightly these tricks about nationality and religion may be regarded by Europeans, they are looked on with abhorrence by Orientals. Even when the friendship of the author and Hadji Salil had been cemented in the strongest possible way, he dared not reveal his secret; for, as he truly says: "My confession, in itself a capital offence by the laws of Mohammed, might not, perhaps, for the moment, have severed all ties of friendship; but how bitterly, how dreadfully, would my friend, who was so sincere in his religious opinions, have felt the deception!" Besides, in the end, the deception always becomes known. The author himself wrote from Meshed to inform the prince governor of Herat that he had deceived him, and that the suspicions about his being a European were correct. This will soon have been blazed abroad, and will not conduce to the safety of other Europeans who may take the same route.

The New Testament. With Engravings from Designs by Fra Angelico, P. Perugino, F. Francia, L. di Crudi, Fra Bartolommeo, Titian, Raphael, G. Ferrari, D. di Volterra, and others. (Longman & Co.)

No illustrated book with which we are acquainted, and from which colour is absent, surpasses this one in the delicacy, elaboration, and careful reproduction of its decorations. Every page is enriched by minute ornaments and borders engraved on wood, and such as the eye delights to follow in their completeness and purity of execution. The works of the artists above named, and those of N. Poussin, Pinturicchio, A. del Sarto, P. Veronese, L. da Vinci, A. Orcagna, L. Giordano and S. del Piombo, among men of the first rank in Art, have yielded subjects of more important character, while, with questionable taste, those of Guido Reni and Barocci have been ransacked for designs which are at least well known, if they are not highly esteemed, by critics of the present day. The paper to which Mr. Clay, with unchallengeable skill, has transferred the sharpest of impressions from the most delicate wood-blocks, is as even and fine in its surface as ivory; its colour, although it is rather too white to sustain the rich tones of the engravings in a perfect manner, is exquisitely pure, and, indeed, rather too much so to please the eye of an artist, which delights as greatly in the richness of a broken tint, if

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white, as in one of colour. The typography is so clear and fine that it may be read with delightful ease. The draughtsmen and woodcutters who have contributed their share to the decoration of this beautiful volume have done so with a laborious care which is honourable to them. So fine is their work that the observer is certain to take up a lens again and again in order to examine more closely than is convenient to his eye the involutions and fine-lining of the arabesque borders and dividing lines which inclose the text or form framework to the more strictly pictorial engravings of subjects by the great masters. The strictly decorative works are most elaborately drawn; no sixteenth century Flemish illumination surpasses them. In that respect the delicacy of the woodcutters' work is on a par with that of the draughtsmen.

It would be difficult to over-praise the manner in which many of the ornamental borders and dividing lines of these pages, by Mr. H. Shaw, have been combined with the subject engravings they inclose. He has designed many of these, or, more strictly to speak, has combined ancient materials for a modern service, and drawn the same on wood with commendable skill and great knowledge. The subject-pictures have been, with one important exception, reproduced by Mr. A. J. Waudby in a manner which does him great credit as a draughtsman. The task of uniting these forms of Art in wood and printing from them—a much more delicate matter than typographical printing—must have taxed even Mr. Clay's resources and skill. In these respects all is perfect here. The book is a marvel, a true nineteenth-century triumph of cost, labour, and delicacy.

When the eye of the observer has satiated itself with the mechanical and exquisitely delicate beauty of the decorative illustrations to this volume;—rioted to its full in the laborious elegance of its arabesques and the wonderful skill of their cutting; and has done Mr. Clay as much honour as his heart could desire,—the mind of that observer may next proceed to examine the more important and strictly artistic section of the same, which comprises the engravings from the old masters. Of the selection of these, there is scarcely anything in the way of complaint to be said: one would wish Guido absent from a volume wherein Fra Angelico, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Pinturicchio and Raphael are so often present in their works; but it is comforting, even in this case, to reflect on the progress of sterling taste which has introduced so many truly great names to the list of painters here displayed, and limited those of the questionable artists and sentimentalists to but one or two. Ten years ago, the reverse would have been the case with a book of this class. It is no small thing to possess the New Testament with illustrations printed on its pages, and derived from such immortal pictures as the Holy Families of Raphael,—gems as these are,—set in marvellous arabesques and borders, or woodcuts from the most famous of the same painter's Bible. These, together with half-page engravings from pictures that are famous in all time, do, indeed, offer a splendid species of book decoration. Among the larger engravings, are such as represent the 'Sposalio' and 'The Transfiguration,' by Raphael; Francia's 'Baptism of Christ'; Perugino's 'Temptation'; Fra Angelico's 'Mary at the Tomb'; Del Sarto's 'John the Baptist Preaching'; Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper'; and others of the same stamp.

As to the manner in which all these works have been reproduced and selected we cannot speak too highly. But whether it was wise to

employ wood-engraving to render, in a manner so minute, the effects and aims of the copper-plate engraver's art, we have an entirely different verdict to give. This branch of the question seems to us to have been considered by persons who entertained a totally erroneous idea of the nature of wood-engraving, as compared with engraving on metal. The former does not, and cannot, rival the latter in power of minute reproduction: it cannot render so large a number of copies in a tolerably perfect state as metal-work will; but it has qualities of its own which give it a rank, when those qualities are evolved by skilful hands, quite equal to that of any other process. In this volume the ends of engraving proper have been sought from wood-cutting: the consequence is that at least half the delicate workmanship has been, even in early impressions from the blocks, thrown away. Hair-lines are not fitted for engraving on wood, and that material inevitably breaks down in time. The peculiar qualities of wood-engraving have been, in this book, sacrificed to an attempted rivalry with engraving on metal. If the purchaser will look at almost any of the faces, and compare them with fine works reproduced on metal and of much the same class, he will see how serious has been the error to which we refer. Take, for example, the vignette from the 'Madonna di San Sisto,' which by no means adorns page viii. of this book, and compare it with the beautiful etchings which decorate, and do so much to elucidate, the last edition of Mrs. Jameson's 'Legends of the Madonna.'

Memorials of the Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnel. Compiled chiefly from his own Letters, and those of his Friends, Newton, Cowper, and Thornton. 1738—1814. By his Grandson, the Rev. Josiah Bull, M.A. (Nisbet & Co.)

DURING one hundred years a father, a son, and a grandson have been ministers to a dissenting congregation at Newport Pagnel. The first was the most distinguished of the three:—a zealous, good man, highly prized by such eminent persons as Newton, the poet Cowper, and Wilberforce, and in no common repute as a preacher. A life of the Rev. William Bull, whose career of service ended half a century ago, has been thought, and not ungracefully, by his descendants to be a fit centenary commemoration of a fact which is rare in church or chapel history.

Records of this quality appeal only to a limited class of readers—a class which the changes passing over the world of religious opinion bid fair to narrow, lustre by lustre. The severe dissenting sectarians of the eighteenth century number comparatively few representatives in these our days. Aseticism has taken itself to the more antique forms of the hair shirt and the sandalled bare foot. In place of gloomy divines, whose "name was up for preaching people mad," as was said of Newton of Olney, we have awkward copies of the bloodless figures of Monachism. It is no longer thought a sin among the Dissenters to love pictures or to cultivate music,—the day of rest is no longer made intolerable to the young, by forcing on them incessant observances. But for this very reason the lives of their elders belonging to the past century will have a value for those watching the changes of opinion as influencing manners, who consider them without reference to any favourite or antipathetic dogma. It will be seen that the humour and cheerfulness belonging to all healthy minds,—which will find outlet in some form of expression,—being denied participation in any of those amusements which delight reprobate or frivo-

lous worldlings, vented itself not seldom in the form of a familiarity (sometimes a facetiousness, even,) when spiritual things were to be dealt with, which seems to us singularly at variance with a sour and stern abnegation of secular levities. The walls of many an Ebenezer and Zion Chapel shook with the ranting lilt of psalms, in which the tuneful energy of those who would have thought a cheery hunting song or a dancing-measure so much sin roared itself forth. A sermon was not thought heterodox because "brought home" to the vulgar by some queer figure of speech or anecdote. Nay, more, it will be seen that the gloomy author of 'Cardiphonia,' who rebuked the tender-spirited Cowper for backsliding because he ventured a Sunday walk now and then, and on week-days a call at the Throgmorts,—and his correspondent "Taureau" (as with a ponderous attempt at a joke Newton styled Bull) when discussing the deepest mysteries of their faith and hope one to the other, were not averse to trope and metaphor borrowed from every-day life,—nor to dealing about doom to those who doubted their peculiar doctrines, with a petulance in which there was more of mortal conceit than devout Christianity. Nothing seemed too sacred to be exposed and commented on in their intercommunications. Nor was it sufficiently taken to heart that whereas jargon is bad in the earnest discussion of any subject, it becomes next to intolerable when the highest themes and most momentous topics which can occupy man are in question.

We may here not unfitly give one or two sketches of clerical eccentrics: the first of a man of repute in his day, the Rev. John Heywood, nephew of the better-remembered Oliver Heywood:—

"It may be difficult to say whether Mr. Heywood was most remarkable for his eccentricities, his great learning and wit, or his piety and devotedness. He certainly possessed all these characteristics in no common measure. A sister of my grandfather, in early life, kept the house of her relative, Christopher Bull, who so often entertained Mr. Heywood. In her latter years she resided with her brother, and used to speak of Mr. Heywood's appearance as very grotesque, as he rode up to the house on his old grey horse, which seemed little more than skin and bone, attired in leather breeches and enormous Jack books, with a large wig and well-worn coat to match. It is told of him that on one occasion as he was riding into Cambridge he was met by three collegians, who, in their simplicity, thought to make sport of the quaint-looking figure they saw approaching; so, going a little in advance one of another, the first said as Mr. Heywood came up, 'Well Father Abraham; the second, 'Well Father Isaac; and the third, 'Well Father Jacob.' Upon which the good man bade them stop, and thus smartly answered their folly:—'Young men, I am neither Father Abraham, nor Father Isaac, nor Father Jacob, but if you would liken me unto any Scripture character, I think I may be compared to Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them.' * * Mr. Heywood was strongly attached to the house of Hanover; and upon the accession of George III. to the throne he was anxious to give expression to his loyalty, and determined to go up with the Dissenting ministers of London when they should present their address. Mr. Heywood was told that he could not go with them; it was informal,—country ministers were not admitted on these occasions. But the remonstrance was to no purpose, and the result was amusing enough. While the party were waiting to be presented, Mr. Heywood encountered his friend Lord Temple. He was soon in earnest conversation with that nobleman, when the latter observing the ministers coming away from the king, told Mr. Heywood that he would lose his opportunity. 'No,' he said, 'I will not,' and just as the king was quitting the place of audience he approached

him. The king paused, and very condescendingly received the ardent expressions of loyalty poured forth by his eccentric subject—not a little, it may be supposed, to the astonishment of Mr. Heywood's metropolitan brethren."

In the following encounter of wits, Mr. Bull's biographer seems to think that Toplady had not the worst of the argument, though he did become touchy, when it was proposed to him that fleas should go to heaven:

"In the spring or early summer of this year occurred the circumstance I am about to relate. Mr. Newton had been dining with Mr. Bull, and they were quietly sitting together, following after 'the things whereby they might edify one another,' and that search aided by 'interposing puffs' of the fragrant weed. It was in that old study I so well remember, ere it was renovated to meet the demands of modern taste. A room some eighteen feet square, with an arched roof, entirely surrounded with many a precious volume, with large old casement windows, and immense square chairs of fine Spanish mahogany. There these good men were quietly enjoying their *tête-à-tête* when they were startled by a thundering knock at the door; and in came Mr. Ryland of Northampton, abruptly exclaiming, 'If you wish to see Mr. Toplady, you must go immediately with me to the Swan. He is on his way to London, and will not live long.' They all proceeded to the inn, and there found the good man emaciated with disease, and evidently fast hastening to the grave. As they were talking together they were attracted by a great noise in the street, occasioned, as they found on looking out, by a bull-baiting which was going on before the house. Mr. Toplady was touched by the cruelty of the scene, and exclaimed, 'Who could bear to see that sight if there were not to be some compensation for these poor suffering animals in a future state?'—'I certainly hope,' said my grandfather, 'that all the Bulls will go to heaven; but do you think this will be the case with all the animal creation?'—'Yes, certainly,' replied Mr. Toplady, with great emphasis, 'all, all.'—'What!' rejoined Mr. Newton with some sarcasm in his tone; 'do you suppose, sir, there will be fleas in heaven? for I have a special aversion to them.' Mr. Toplady said nothing, but was evidently hurt; and as they separated, Mr. Newton said, 'How happy he should be to see him at Olney, if God spared his life, and he were to come that way again.' The reply Mr. Toplady made was not very courteous; but the good man was perhaps suffering from the irritation of disease, and possibly annoyed by the ridicule cast upon a favourite theory."

It is impossible to avoid perceiving how the sweetness and poetry of Cowper's nature set him apart from the sincere yet prejudiced Priests to whom he deferred. In spite of their tenuity of matter, the graceful style and the grateful and affectionate feeling of every line he wrote make his letters the most welcome pages of any book in which they occur. He held, as we know, the Newport Pagnel preacher in great esteem,—sought his society, and allowed himself to be influenced by the other in his literary occupations—not always wisely, we must think, seeing that he was thus led to bestow time on rendering into English the mystic hymns of Madame Guyon. In truth, with the exception of Johnny of Norfolk, none of the poet's clerical friends were discreet in their ministry to his diseased mind. They were too harsh in their touch of chords, the strongest of which was for ever on the verge of breaking. This, however, belonged in part to their times, to their doctrines, and to the position taken up by them, in the world of faith and of works. Bull had no scruple in passing spiritual sentence on the state after death of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Leicester; because that distinguished preacher had wandered away into heresies held to be not so much dangerous as damnable. It is observable, however, that in his own case his convictions, though too firm to be shaken, did not preclude his being assailed

by a frequent dejection of spirits throughout his life of active and blameless utility. This was not the humility of love, perhaps, so much as the despondency of fear.

We have attempted, in the above remarks, to touch on a few of the points which may recommend this life and character of a good man to the general, as distinguished from the sectarian, reader. The latter stands in no need of invitation to this record of a worthy's ministerial career, and will consider every qualification or distinction which could be offered in regard to the subject as superfluous.

The Domestic Service Guide, &c.; being a Handbook of the Duties of the Housekeeper, Cook, Lady's-Maid, Nursery-Maid, Housemaid, Laundry-Maid, Dairy-Maid, Butler, Valet, Footman, Coachman, Groom, and Gardener. (Lockwood & Co.)

The writer of the present Guide, a Preface informs us, published thirty years ago a work of the kind, now out of date; he has here put forth a second one, which is entertaining, because it is foolish, fitting the capacity of readers neither "upstairs, downstairs, nor in my lady's chamber." Our author, no doubt, means well; but we must confess that it is the fatuity, not the instructive sagacity, of his book which has lured us through pages—treating of sturgeon as a usual fish; of the proper varnish for gentlemen's black straw hats, the keeping of bees, and the intellectual culture of valets (who are recommended to study Chesterfield's Letters); and other such miscellaneous topics—pages, too, liberally enlivened by quotations from Kitchiner, Soyer, and "the Original." The fatuity can be proved without any alarming expenditure of space. Ponder, as a general precept, the following:—

"The simplest case of organization is when some special thing has to be planned, and the execution of the plan lies in the power of the person or persons who form it. The better the plan is made, the better pleased every one will be whom it affects. An instance of want of organization is, a certain party, the pleasure of which was spoilt by the obstacles under which the guests suffered in getting away."

Here is more precise direction, to be learnt and inwardly digested by the lady's-maid, from the chapter entitled "Blaze-proof Crinoline":

"A lady sees her sister in flames, and cannot resist the impulse to rush to her assistance. What can she do? What is practicable? Throw the burning lady down and go down along with her, and keep her down on the floor. Seize any rug, or doormat, or anything else that may be within reach; roll over, scream for help, but on no account quit the horizontal position. Both ladies may be slightly burnt, and may require surgical treatment, but will soon be well again."

We should be glad to have Madame Rachel's judgment on the following short and easy method of procuring ebony tresses:—

"Reduce lime to powder by throwing a little water upon it, then mix with this one-third the quantity of litharge, sifted. Put a quantity of it in a saucer, pour boiling-water upon it, and mix it up with a knife like thick mustard; divide the hair into thin layers with a comb, and plaster the mixture thickly into the layers to the roots, and all over the hair. When it is completely covered over with it, lay all over it a covering of damp blue or brown paper, then bind over it, closely, a handkerchief, put on a nightcap over all, and go to bed."

A poet might find food for his fancy in the dreams which visit *Belinda* during her dark hours in that blue paper night-cap, which brings back to the housekeeper dim and thrifty associations of scouring soap and moist sugar! Then the anecdote-hunter may consult this book, to

read how the hospitable General Bosville locked his door at the precise hour of invitation whenever he gave a dinner-party (a practice pleasing to any "Confounded foreigner" strange to London distances, and who has committed himself to a creeping cab!). The one foolish thing done by our Wellington is here solemnly set down as an example of great price,—and we are invited to believe that the Duke absolutely was in the habit of himself going up from Walmer to Jermyn Street to take his razors to the only man in the world capable of sharpening them!—the commission being too solemn a one to be intrusted even to the model valet, best versed in Chesterfield.

In the pages intended to show that good masters make good servants, every one will, of course, concur, seeing that "grass is known to be green." It may be noted, however, as a fact worth taking to heart, that during those very weeks of the flat season when our awful political contemporaries open their columns to Bee-Masters or Anti-Bathers—when, not very long ago, every conceivable grumbler took up his or her parable against the population of the world below stairs, as a greedy, cheating, crinoline-wearing, ignorant-of-cooking race,—the obituary columns of those very same journals hardly appeared without some tribute to the memory of some faithful servant and family friend of many years' standing, inserted by those in whose households a life of usefulness and reciprocal good understanding had been passed.

Critical, Historical, and Philosophical Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia.
By Henry Clark Barlow, M.D. (Williams & Norgate.)

None of the sons of men has excited truer or more durable enthusiasm than that giant of intellectual attainment and sovereign of poets, Dante Alighieri. To few writers is it given to be more read; to none to be more intensely honoured and studied. Editor follows editor; commentator, commentator; and translator, translator. The genuine Dantophilist has a sort of personal passion for the glory of his demigod, different in degree from anything which we note with regard to the other supreme minds of the world, and hardly quite the same even in kind: it is more perhaps like what a learned secretary of El Islam feels for Mohammed. Few indeed are the names which can be cited in the same rank with Dante; perhaps if we confine ourselves to Homer, Plato and Shakespeare, we are not more rigidly exclusive than the case requires. One reason why the personal feeling towards the Italian is so much intenser than towards any of this most elect band of compeers is very palpable; he is a marked personality, and they are as little personal as any we could well name among those

Whose genius marks the boundaries of our race.
Of Homer, we know next to nothing; of Plato, little except from his writings; little even from his writings, in a direct sense, of Shakespeare. Dante towers before us in every aspect; not only as intellect and as poet, but also as the passionate lover, the man full of counsel and of action, the pillar of state, the exile who will to all ages represent beyond compare the exile's majesty and pathos. Those words of his, "Popule mei, quid feci tibi?" are as clear in our conception of Dante as those others, "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita"; and along with "Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle," we do not fail to remember "Negli occhi porta la mia donna amore," and "Ita nō Beatrice in l'alto cielo." So far of the personal feeling towards Dante,—a subject in itself as inexhaustible as the grounds of it are deep. But there is yet another reason why the students

of Dante, what the mento, to be pa "Shakes poet's the case of some g obscuri duplicit written deal of quadr commu and stu will ce continue to heart o saying be pati stupor certain that so Hence a genui of Dan reader founded uncertain great sharpe he rec he is blatan which reveren glory o it, and of the and no will st respect the ma sake, may b Two pounds the co faithful really light the se this, a heart to hon their c who Dr. Ba deserve Seymour known Dant as ill trans presen hanc We c with views that i tequ espec love a whet genui sort medi vous

of Dante "go in for him" with an inveteracy—what the Italians expressively term "accanimento," *Anglœc* "doggedness"—such as is not to be paralleled by the "odium Homericum" or "Shaksperianum," of the Greek or the English poet's theorizers, annotators and editors;—in the case of Plato, however, it has its fair, and on some grounds almost identical, counterpart. The incentive we are speaking of is the great obscurity, ambiguity, or (in the literal sense) duplicity of what the Florentine Magian has written; indeed, he himself tells us that a great deal of his writing has not only a double, but a quadruple, sense. The external battle of the commentators, the internal debate of the readers and students, never therefore ceases, and never will cease as long as Dante's organ-tones continue to pervade the world, or even to thrill the heart of one solitary sympathizer. And this is saying that the last moment of time must still be patient of some controversy concerning this stupendous intellect; for, if one future thing is certain, it is this—that the fame of Dante is of that sort which

durerà quanto il moto lontana.

Hence there is an endless inducement—indeed, a genuine necessity—for illustration, explanation, suggestion, advocacy, applied to the works of Dante, and especially the 'Commedia.' The reader's mind is not more fired and dumbfounded by the poetry than sharpened by the uncertainties and intricacies; the critic's is in great danger of taking more kindly to the sharpening than even to the firing, and, when he recovers from the dumbfounding, perhaps he is found to be in a state of considerable bluntness. But we will reckon no stone lost which heightens the cairn raised by man's reverence, astonishment, and admiration, to the glory of their mighty brother Dante; let us pile it, and pile it, and still continue piling. Many of the stones will sink out of sight altogether, and no visitant be the worse for that; but they will still be there, piously deposited by some respectful hands, and thickening and sustaining the mass—not quite lost for the depositor's own sake, though for Dante's and the visitant's they may be so.

Two sorts of Dantesque annotators or exponents deserve especially to be greeted with the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" The first are those who really throw some considerable amount of new light upon the pages of the rapt Florentine; the second, those who, even if they fail in doing this, show themselves nevertheless so single-hearted in their work, so absorbed in the wish to honour Dante, that they take little count of their own pains or pretensions. The annotator who comes before us on the present occasion, Dr. Barlow, may be credited with both these deservings. The names of Lord Vernon, Mr. Seymour Kirkup, and Dr. Barlow, are already known as those of our most determined living Dantophilists—to confine our attention to such as illustrate the poet, omitting those who translate him; and Dr. Barlow has, with his present volume, strongly confirmed and enhanced his claims to respect in this character. We cannot, indeed, say that the book ranks with such as enlarge, modify, or disturb, our views of the poem as a whole. We do not find that it assists our insight into the great Dantesque questions which have been agitated, especially of late years,—how far are Dante's love and Dante's Beatrice human,—how far, or whether merely, ideal; how far was Dante a genuine Roman Catholic; what degree and sort of political application has the 'Commedia.' Not that Dr. Barlow is silent, or nervously hesitating, upon these and the kindred topics: he entertains strong opinions, and ex-

presses them freely; but, where we were unconvinced before, we remain unconvinced now, and do not even find that we are helped some paces forward towards conviction. This line of Dantesque investigation, then, does not appear to us to be Dr. Barlow's special *forte*. We turn with more satisfaction to his historical summaries; his elucidations of Dante's science, physics and metaphysics; and his very laborious analyses of authorities.

The latter point is the one which gives the book its most distinctive character and most permanent value, and which will, indeed, render the work *indispensable* to all those future Dantesque students, whether English or foreign, who make it their business to settle the text of the 'Commedia.' Dr. Barlow has been about in many parts of Europe during the last fourteen years, looking up manuscripts of the poem (in some instances more than 160 manuscripts for a single verse), and recording verbal differences, now important, now minute; these he confronts with the different readings to be found in printed editions, and sums up the whole question in his present volume. We append a brief example of these textual criticisms, by no means one of the most important, but selected rather on account of its brevity:—

"CANTO XV., VERSO 98.

Del cui nome ne' Dei fu tanta lite,
Del cui nome tra' Dei fu tanta lite.

FORTY-FIVE CODICI (Rome 26; Siena 3; Paris 2; Brit. M. 10; Oxf. 2; C. Libri and C. Roscoe) gave 40 examples of the first reading, 5 of the second (Ci. Vat. 4776, 7566; Ci. Cors. 60, and 368; and C. Brit. 3513). Ci. Vat. 365, 366, 3199, &c., C. Caet., C. Ang. 10th; C. Barb. 1535; C. Ox. 106, &c., were among the Codici with the first reading. **TWENTY PRINTED EDITIONS**, including all the early ones, gave 4 for the reading '*tra' Dei*', Buti, Landi, Vell., and Fratelli, '*fra'*, 1837, '*fra i'*, 1860. The others had the ordinary reading. The reading '*tra' Dei*' has not hitherto been noticed; I think it is better than '*fra'*, and much better than '*ne' Dei*.'

Dr. Barlow's is a book of details. We shall, therefore, make no apology to the learned author or to our readers for at once passing from generalities, and picking out for discussion a few points here and there, as they happen to come.

'Inferno,' Canto iii.—Dr. Barlow debates whether, in the inscription over the gate of Hell, "Io eterna duro," or "Io eterno duro," is correct; and he pronounces for the latter, on the ground that, although "eterna" would be right if used adjectively, "eterno" is admissible as used adverbially. This construction, however, seems quite needless. "Eterno" is simply a masculine adjective, agreeing with its nominal substantive "Io." That is the ground on which it is far preferable to "eterna," which implies the unnecessary and unmeaning antecedent, "cosa," or "porta."

Canto iii.—"Ed io che avea d'error (or d'rror) la testa cinta." We agree with Dr. Barlow that "rror" is preferable. But neither he, nor, as far as we know, any other commentator, has suggested what we conceive to be the very simple explanation of the phrase. The Italians say, "orrida chioma" for "hair set on end with horror," just as we say "horrent hair" in the same sense. Dante's "head girt with horror" is, therefore, neither more nor less than "head with horrent hair."

Canto iii.—"Che aleuna gloria i rei avrebb' d'elli." The obvious meaning of this passage is that the angelic and human spirits which declared for neither God nor devil, are rejected from heaven, and also rejected by God from hell because their being there would be an occasion of pride to the condemned. Such pride, one may naturally infer, would be based upon

the consideration that they, the condemned, are in comparatively creditable company; just as a debauched shop-boy would feel some pride in finding that his debauchery brought him cheek-by-jowl with a lord. Dr. Barlow inverts this view of the case, and expresses a view which seems to us rather super-subtle than reasonable. He says—"The meaning appears to be that the inmates of hell were more worthy of notice than these utterly contemptible 'cattivi,' and might, therefore, take to themselves some glory, 'una qualche ombra di gloria,' by comparison with them."

Canto v.—"Che sugger dette a Nino, e fu sua sposa." Dr. Barlow greatly prefers this reading to the much more usual one, "Che succedette." As a mere matter of taste and inclination, we go with him; but he does not allude to the very substantial difficulty in the way of adopting his reading, that, according to the history (or legend), Semiramis did not give suck to Ninus, and did not become the bride or concubine of her son. Ninus was her husband: her son was Ninyas, who, so far from acquiescing in the incestuous desire of his mother, is said to have put her to death for soliciting him. Unless some quite different version of the legend can be shown to have had currency in Dante's time, we do not see how this difficulty is to be got over.

Canto v.—Dr. Barlow affirms, or implies, that the old notion about Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta is all a mistake; that they never fell into the guilt of adultery, and that Dante places them in hell, along with Achilles and some others, merely because their love, although free from criminality, was accompanied with circumstances of imprudence which brought them to their deaths. Surely this is altogether wiredrawn and inadmissible. No one is so savage, and so senseless to boot, as to condemn to eternal torment people whose love was virtuous or blameless and who suffered for it undeservedly in the world. Dante states expressly that the circle of hell wherein he places Francesca and Paolo contains "the carnal sinners who subject reason to desire." History tells us, and so does Dr. Barlow, that Dante wrote under circumstances which disposed him to excuse rather than condemn any member of Francesca's family; he expresses the manliest sympathy for her, even while he records her punishment; and, had he known or believed that she was innocent of the adultery with which the world charged her, he would naturally, so far from lamenting that she was in hell, have affirmed that she was in purgatory or heaven. That would have been the only sort of vindication entertainable by a rational—not to add a prepossessed—mind; not the vindication believed in by Dr. Barlow, which consists in saying that Francesca and Paolo are eternally tormented among the lustful and adulterous, but for all that never committed adultery.

Purgatory, Canto xiv.—Appended to a disquisition, which does not strike us as particularly cogent, on the political aspect of the 'Commedia,' Dr. Barlow gives a note embodying various leading dates of Dante's life, and which, being both compact and extremely serviceable to students, we quote:—

"In 1297 Dante enrolled himself in the Company of Physicians and Apothecaries, the Sesta of the Arti Maggiore, to enable him to take office under the Republic; but it seems probable that, in the capacity of Ambassador to Carlo II. of Naples, he had been employed by the State as early as 1295. He held the office of Prior from June 15th to August 15th, 1300. Carlo di Valois entered Florence November 1st, 1301. On January 27th, 1302, Dante was sentenced to two years' banishment, and to pay a fine of 8,000 lire; this not

being paid, his house and effects were confiscated, and on March 10th following, himself and others were condemned, if taken, to be burnt alive. In 1308 he went to France, and probably visited England between that year and 1310, when he returned to Italy to meet the Emperor. In 1311 he was declared by the Republic of Florence to be irremediably banished for ever from the city and territory. On September 12th, 1312, the Emperor laid siege to Florence. On the 24th of April, 1313, he died at Buon Convento. Pope Clement V. died April 20th, 1314. Dante then no longer delayed to give the finishing touches to his 'Inferno,' and to let the world have it, and shortly afterwards the 'Purgatory,' and ere long (1317) a portion of the 'Paradise'; for the whole of the poem was perfectly arranged in the poet's mind, and probably the greater part of it written out, with its last improvements, before any of it was made public. After the death of the Emperor, Dante never more entered the Florentine territory, never more sojourned in the Valley of the Arno, 'quella valle,' as he says, 'che m' avea di paura il cuor compunto,' nor did he ever again mix himself up in the turmoil of Italian politics."

Other passages which we would willingly extract, both as characteristic of Dr. Barlow's work and on account of their own curiosity, interest or value, are those upon Dante's knowledge of the sight of the mole; upon his embryologic science; upon the mystic car and the other environments of Beatrice, when Dante meets her in the transplanted Eden; upon Dante's dedicatory letter to Can Grande della Scala; upon his scientific generalizations, 'Paradise, Canto i., where "three physical principles—combustion, vital action, and attraction or cohesion both of molecules and masses—are expressed in a poetical manner, which almost seems to anticipate, in part, the results of modern researches"; upon the Suabian dynasty in its connexion with Italy and the Papal power, including the career of Pier della Vigna, throughout—a very important and interesting résumé of a history most essential to the understanding of Dante's poem; upon Brunetto Latini; upon the origin, limits and vicissitudes of Florence; upon the Elisei and Allighieri; and upon the Emperor Henry VII. of Luxembourg—an historic narrative which ranks in value with that above named on the Suabian house. We might refer to several other articles, showing the wide range of reading which Dr. Barlow brings in aid of his Dantesque researches and criticisms; but those which we have cited must suffice for our present purpose, and we pass to two other questions of criticism.

Canto xxx.—Here and elsewhere Dr. Barlow numbers himself among those Dantesque scholars who refuse to see in Beatrice a girl and woman of flesh and blood whom Dante loved on earth; whom he half-worshipped in heaven, as a man might invoke a patron-saint who had besides been the mundane mistress of his heart; and whom he chose in his great poem as his celestial escort—embodiment in her certain abstract qualities, to which otherwise less sweet and less human names might have been given, but not therefore regarding her as other than the glorified soul of the very woman he had loved. This view of Beatrice, Dr. Barlow, as we have said, declines to adopt. He regards the Beatrice of the 'Commedia,' and even the Beatrice of the 'Vita Nova,' as purely an intellectual abstraction; and we quite agree with him in considering that the one Beatrice must follow the fate of the other. As to an actual earthly love affair, the utmost he will admit is, that "it is probable that Dante may have had a distant acquaintance with Bice de' Portinari—he may even have regarded her with a trembling sort of reverence; but, if so, the impression she made on his poetic mind had merely a subjec-

tive intensity." Dr. Barlow objects, and we think properly so, to "Theology" as the definition of the Beatrice of the 'Commedia,' if an abstract personage: he judiciously prefers the term "Divine Wisdom." The whole question is well and tersely put, from the non-natural point of view, in this paragraph:—

"The Donna of the *Vita Nova*, of the *Convito*, and of the 'Divina Commedia,' is one and the same, only differently considered. In the first we have the Aristotelian form of Beatrice treated of, that is *Amore*; in the second we have the *beauty* of Beatrice treated of, that is *Morality*, or *Ethica*, so far as this work was carried on; in the third we have the *substance* of Beatrice treated of, 'il soggetto materiale,' or *Sapienza*, in which the real nature of Dante's Donna is made manifest: and this is the lady whom the poet loved from his youth, who in wisdom led him with her on earth, and, by the contemplation of her excellence, raised him with her to glory in heaven."

That the questions relating to Beatrice are difficult, sometimes mysterious, and at this distance of time not positively soluble, we should be the last to dispute. We do not agree with Dr. Barlow in considering the non-natural hypothesis to be the more likely one; on the contrary, our belief tends towards a real Beatrice, who lived in Florence, was loved by Dante, and died; and who figures in the 'Commedia' as a glorified soul in the Empyrean illuminated by the Divine Wisdom, and communicating its light to her old lover and present devotee, Dante. Of course we have no space for developing this view of the case in contrast to the view which Dr. Barlow has deliberately adopted and thoughtfully expounded; but we may point out two or three items of detail which appear to be assailable, and even refutable. Firstly, Dr. Barlow states that he has long suspected that the narrative of Beatrice's death in the 'Vita Nova,' and the letter which Dante reports himself to have written on that occasion, have reference to the removal of the Papal Court from Rome to Avignon. How far this is compatible with Dr. Barlow's own definition of the Beatrice of the 'Vita Nova' above quoted, we shall not pause to inquire: the mere evidence of the dates which he gives seems to be quite conclusive against it. Beatrice died in 1290: Dante wrote the 'Vita Nova' soon after, the latest date suggested being 1294, or thereabouts: the migration to Avignon took place in 1305. Secondly, "The Beatrice of the 'Convito,'" says Dr. Barlow, "is declared to be Philosophy." This is a misleading expression, and barely consistent with some other statements soon afterwards made by our commentator, and which come nearer the truth without distinctly explaining it. The fact is, that Dante does in the 'Convito' analyze certain poems of his own, apparently love-poems, and does most expressly declare that the lady therein spoken of is Philosophy. But he declares with equal explicitness that that lady is not the one whom he terms Beatrice in the 'Vita Nova,' but a wholly different lady, also introduced into the 'Vita Nova,' whom he saw at a window after the death of Beatrice. We need not cite from the 'Convito' the passages in question, for the benefit of Dr. Barlow or other Dantesque scholars, to whom those passages are as familiar as the Ugolino episode. The only inference, therefore, deducible from the 'Convito' is that, after the death of Beatrice (whether human or ideal is in no way therein hinted) Dante was in love with, or devoted to, Philosophy. It is true that this love of Philosophy is spoken of in the 'Vita Nova' with some very human adjuncts; and the reasoning is fair—we do not mean conclusive—that the human-seeming love for Beatrice *may* have been as symbolic as the human-seeming love for another lady whom Dante himself elsewhere declares to

have been none other than Philosophy. But this is a very different thing from Dr. Barlow's assertion that the lady whom Dante declares in one passage to have been Philosophy is the same whom he elsewhere names Beatrice. She is distinctly not the same: no more than a man's second wife is the same person as his first wife. Thirdly, Dr. Barlow considers that the simple fact, that Dante did not marry Beatrice "shows, on the best inductive evidence which we can have, that the story of their loves, as related by Boccaccio, has no foundation in fact." But surely no induction can be rasher. Beatrice made a suitable match in marrying Simon de' Bardi; she could not marry both Bardi and Allighieri; and the love of Allighieri is no more disproved by the marriage to Bardi than, had she married Allighieri, the love or proposal of Bardi would have been disproved by that circumstance. Fourthly, still more extraordinary, and indeed inconsistent with its own terms, is the following further argument on the personality of Beatrice, founded upon the particular place which Dante assigns to her in the Empyrean. "The Virgin is above all: then comes Eve: then Rachel and Beatrice: then Sarah, Rebecca, Judith and Ruth. As these were real persons, as well as symbolical figures, it may be supposed that Beatrice is no exception to the rest: this, in fact, is the strongest argument for the personality of Beatrice. But, if this be admitted, it must also be admitted that she was some one contemporary with Rachel, for they are here placed together." We ask—were Sarah and Judith contemporary? or Rebecca and Ruth? If not, why necessarily Rachel and Beatrice? All these are arguments which will not stand examination. Others, however, are of considerable cogency; and especially that revives by Dr. Barlow, that all the early commentators upon Dante, up to the time of Boccaccio, treated the Beatrice of the 'Commedia' as purely symbolic. Even to so fair and strong an argument as this, however, one must not bow with blind submission. One may remember the scores of comments upon the Canticles of Solomon which say that that poem is about Christ and the Church, and not in the least about Solomon and his mistress; also the extreme medieval fondness for strained applications and fantastical analogies, evidenced for instance in the moralizing of the 'Gesta Romanorum.' The consent of the early commentators may possibly have had something also to do with the prompting and prescribing of the Church, which must, no doubt, have looked very much askance at the spread of a book so hostile as the 'Commedia' to ecclesiastical encroachments, and may have suggested, or almost imposed, a particular rule of interpretation of a personage so important to the scheme of the poem as Beatrice. The Church may have objected to Beatrice de' Bardi as the celestial guide of Dante, for that lady had no sort of ecclesiastical *locus standi*, and may have required her human personality to be wholly shaded off into some such respectable abstraction as Divine Wisdom. This, however, we can only throw out as a suggestion: to rely upon it as a positive argument would be far from safe.

There are various other points of substantial purport which we would fain discuss with so proficient a Dantophilist as Dr. Barlow; several minor details which we might point out as worthy of revision in a second edition; and many notes and passages which our readers would thank us for quoting; but we have already said enough to show our sense of the general value and particular quality of the book, and of the obligation which all future textual critics of Dante in particular will owe to the writer's enthusiasm and perseverance.

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The History of Modern Europe, from the Fall of Constantinople in 1453, to the Close of the Crimean War in 1857. By Thomas Henry Dyer. Vol. IV. (Murray.)

It may be said of Mr. Dyer that he has composed a convenient handy-book of modern events. His book is not exactly a history; that is to say, it is not a living picture of men and manners, brightened by philosophic remark; it is rather a vast chart, or outline, filled with names and dates, abstracts and definitions. The field over which Mr. Dyer travels is extremely vast; too vast, indeed, for the record to lie in four volumes. The history of Europe from the fall of Constantinople (1453) to the Crimean War (1857)—comprising The Revival of Learning, the Reformation, the Religious Wars of Germany and France, the English Revolution, the Foundation of Prussia, the Wars of the Spanish Succession, the Rise of Russia, the French Revolution, the Reign of Napoleon, the Great Peace, ending with the imaginary Millennium of 1851, and the Outbreak of Continental War in 1855—how are all these events to be brought into the compass of four satisfactory volumes? Mr. Dyer has done something with his extremely difficult subject, but it can hardly be said that he has written a satisfactory history of Europe for four centuries in four volumes.

Beginning where Gibbon ended, and continuing, as it were, the great historian's work, Mr. Dyer, unhappily for his fame, provokes comparison at the outset, which could not be other than very much to his disadvantage. Gibbon had all the best faculties of an historian except one,—sympathy with the moral and spiritual wants of men. He had so little of this feeling that he was just as much unable to comprehend the growth and propagation of religious ideas, as a man colour-blind would be unable to understand a critic's raptures over the Venetian school of painting. But in every other quality of an historian, in learning, calmness, industry, eloquence, and pictorial power, he has scarcely ever found a rival. These faculties were not only highly developed, but were singularly well balanced in Gibbon. Who can say whether his power of statement or his power of drawing was the more conspicuous? His explanation of the Roman Law is lucid in the last degree; but then how vivid is the picture of Mohammed in his doubts, of Belisarius in his fall! Mr. Dyer, on the contrary, has very little narrative vigour, less sparkle of style, and no rapid, pictorial strength of hand. Rather, he may be described as having a quiet knack of gathering up details, adding them one to another, like endless beads on a string, until the whole makes a pretty show, and will take long time to count. In other words, Mr. Dyer is more of a compiler than an historian. Still, to compile facts satisfactorily requires industry, order, knowledge in no common degree. And it must be allowed that Mr. Dyer has compiled very well. It is not the highest merit to which an author may aspire, but such as it is it should be freely awarded to those who have earned it by honest labour of thought and pen.

To many persons this sort of book may be found very useful. If it is only a slight sketch, some men like a slight sketch, which they can get through in a busy month, far better than a voluminous work, full of life and beauty, which would take them a leisure year to read. For different readers different books.

What will perhaps excite most remark in Mr. Dyer's book is the small amount of space which he thinks it right to bestow on the discussion of English affairs. The history of our Commonwealth—a period of national glory

scarcely ever rivalled—is dismissed in a dozen meagre pages; which are wanting at once in detail and in accuracy. Mr. Dyer does not seem to be acquainted with modern researches in this noble field of inquiry. His facts are commonplace, his authorities unsafe and out of date. In like manner, we must object that he gives very little care to the history of peace; taking no more than 100 pages to tell the story of those forty-two important years which elapsed between Waterloo and the Crimea. Such a scale, we submit, is out of proportion to the real interest of events. Steam, railways, the telegraph, deserve an ample exposition, even in a general history of Europe; as also Free Trade, Negro Emancipation, and the Popular Press. Mr. Dyer has mainly concerned himself with the doings of Kings and Courts.

From a narrative so level as that of Mr. Dyer throughout it is not easy to detach specimens of style: a page from the Court Guide having nearly as much brightness and connexion as these strings of facts. But the following note from a paragraph on Queen Isabella's marriage and infidelity may be offered:—

"The young Queen Isabella the Second had been declared of age by the Cortes, November 10th, 1843, when she took the oath to the Constitution. Narvaez, who now enjoyed the supreme military power, being a *Moderado*, and consequently favouring the views of France, and Christina, the Queen-mother, ventured, after her sister's death, to return to Madrid. She obtained the guidance of her daughter, but, intent only on the gratification of her base inclinations, suffered Narvaez to rule. She created Muñoz Duke of Rianzerez and a grandee of Spain, and employed herself in accumulating large sums for her numerous children by him. Meanwhile Narvaez pursued a reactionary policy, by curtailing the power of the Cortes, restoring the prerogatives of the Crown, recalling the exiled bishops, and otherwise promoting the interests of the Church. In 1845, in company with Christina and her two daughters, he made a tour in the provinces; when they were met at Pamplona by Louis-Philippe's sons, the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale, with a view to forward the projected marriages. Narvaez was now created Duke of Valencia. But he was suddenly dismissed, April 4th, 1846, for having, it is suspected, favoured the suit of Francis, Count of Trapani, son of the King of Naples, for the hand of Isabella. Istritz, who had before held the reins of power, now became prime minister. Other suitors to the young Queen were her cousins, Don Henry, second son of the Infant Francis de Paula; and Charles Louis, Count of Montemolin, son of Don Carlos, who had made over to his son all his claims to the Spanish throne. An insurrection was even attempted in favour of Don Henry; but its leader, Col. Solis, was shot, and Don Henry banished from Spain. A marriage with the Count of Montemolin would have united all the claims to the Spanish throne; but both France and England opposed it. Louis-Philippe, with the acquiescence of Christina, had selected for Isabella's husband Francis de Assis, the eldest son of Francis de Paula, a young man alike incapable in mind and body; while he destined his own son, the Duke de Montpensier, for Isabella's younger and healthier sister, Maria-Louisa. Louis-Philippe had promised Queen Victoria, when on a visit to him at the Château d'Eu, in Normandy, in 1845, that the marriage of his son with the Infanta should not take place till Isabella had given birth to an heir to the throne. The young Queen had manifested her aversion for Francis de Assis, and in reliance on the English scheme, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg had proceeded to Madrid in the spring of 1846 to sue for her hand. But by the machinations of Louis-Philippe and Christina, Isabella's scruples to accept her cousin were overcome, and the King of the French, sacrificing without remorse the domestic happiness of the young Queen, gained a transient but not very honourable triumph by the *fait accompli* of a simultaneous marriage of Isabella with Francis de Assis, and of Montpensier

with Maria-Louisa, October 10th, 1846. Louis-Philippe's deep-laid plot was, however, ultimately frustrated by unforeseen circumstances. The expulsion of the Orleans dynasty from France at once severed the family connexion between the two crowns; and even had Louis-Philippe remained in possession of the French throne, the hopes of the Duke of Montpensier would still have been frustrated by Queen Isabella giving birth to a daughter in 1851. That this child, however, was the offspring of Francis de Assis is more than doubtful. Francis was kept at a country residence, while Isabella surrounded herself with those who pleased her. General Serrano, one of the handsomest men in Spain, is said to have had an especial claim to that honour. By his advice, Isabella emancipated herself from her mother's guidance, and favoured the party of the *Progresistas*, while Christina proceeded again to Paris to seek the advice of Louis-Philippe. Isabella banished all the ancient Spanish etiquette, and the Court became a scene of scandalous dissipation."

Mr. Dyer's account of the Paris Revolution is exceedingly unsatisfactory; it appears to be made up almost wholly of newspaper reports. This is the less excusable, as there exists in the British Museum a rich collection of materials for the history of that event. The narrative of what occurred in Vienna is less objectionable; though Mr. Dyer is rather unfair to the liberal parties in Austria and Hungary. The latter part of the book seems much hurried; the whole Crimean War being dismissed in five pages.

NEW NOVELS.

Loved at Last: a Story. By Mark Lemon. 3 vols. (Bradbury & Evans.)

ALTHOUGH this book is entitled "a story," it has, nevertheless, the full form and substance of a regular novel. The scene is laid near a little town lying within easy reach of the metropolis, and in the country hunted by the Surrey hounds. By selecting a place of this kind for the *locus* of his speculations, Mr. Lemon is enabled to present civic and bucolic pictures alternately, and to shift his ground with ease and rapidity, like a skilful general who has been careful to preserve an interior line of communication. It is possible that Hilltown may represent some definite place near London, but we are rather inclined to think that it is only meant as a type, and may be taken to stand for any small town lying near enough to be tolerably accessible, but still far enough off to be saved from becoming suburban. It seems to be an understood thing that every novel brought out at this time of the year should contain certain rural features, including a sermon against poaching and a good run with the fox-hounds; and the present does not form an exception to the rule. It is rather dull to meet with the very same thing in one book after another; but Mr. Lemon's chapters on the hunting-field are shorter than most of those that we have seen, and he judiciously avoids entering too much into technical details.

The characters of 'Loved at Last' are taken entirely from the middle and lower classes, the upper ranks of society being uniformly, and no doubt intentionally, avoided. Even in the country Mr. Lemon manages to escape the necessity of introducing anything of high life, the place of the almost inevitable "Squire" being supplied by a kind of gentleman-farmer, who cultivates an undulating tract of land which was once called Old Court Park. Although wealthy and comfortable, Mr. Wycherly is only a tiller of the soil, and is gradually transforming into arable land the swelling greenward which was formerly the domain of a "bloated aristocrat." If there is a mistake in the conception of this character, it is, perhaps, this: that Mr. Wycherly is too much like a member of the landed but untitled aristocracy. If we were not told that Old Court had been disparked, and that its mansion had passed into new hands, we should scarcely be able to distinguish its present owner from the legitimate "Squire" of modern fiction. Mr. Lemon requires a rich farmer

to suit his plans and fall in with his other characters, but it seems as if he had picked up an old gentleman instead.

The title 'Loved at Last' is kept in view throughout the book. First we have Frank Lockyer, a masculine flirt, who is bullied and outwitted into committing matrimony with Ruth Masham, a gentle girl whom he does not love, but whose affections he has unconsciously engaged. It is amusing to see the helpless way in which poor old Mr. Wycherly is ordered about, and compelled to be an active conspirator in a plot which he does not half understand. Not a glimmering of free-will, not the slightest particle of private judgment, does his energetic daughter allow him to retain; he is to tell Frank that he ought to marry Ruth or be considered a rascal; and to tell him so of his own motion, concealing scrupulously the fact of his having been "put up" to it by others. Moreover, he is to do all this in the most insidious manner, inviting the unfortunate victim to a snug little dinner at his hotel, and springing his artful mine when the enemy is thrown off his guard by a glass of good old port. What fortress could hold out when taken at such a manifest disadvantage? Simple Frank Lockyer succumbs at once to the consummate art of the assailants; so Ruth gets an indifferent husband, and is only "loved at last" after a dreary life of doubts and heart-burnings. Cecil Hartley, the schoolfellow and bosom friend of Frank, is an ardent accomplice of those who combine to push him over the Rubicon; indeed, at times his language is so excessively strong, that Lockyer must be a very good-natured fellow to put up with it. By a kind of retributive justice, Cecil deeply loves Kate Wycherly, and the fair object of his affections is barbarous enough to give him no encouragement. The fact is, that Kate has made a secret vow not to leave her father, for whom she has the warmest affection, although, as we have seen, she can "manage" the old gentleman rather despotically when it suits her. As a consequence of this crotchet, Cecil is left, forlorn and hopeless, to battle with an evil world and fall a victim to its temptations. It is not till he has drunk the cup of misery and degradation to its deepest dregs that he sees glimpses of unexpected light, and lives at length to find that he also is "loved at last." As for poor Jerry, the amiable but somewhat incompetent schoolmaster, the motto is almost a mockery in his case; for though Mrs. Masham gives him a few fair words, she refuses to the very end to be Mrs. Jerry. She graciously tells him, indeed, that he is "loved at last," though she has jilted him as a girl and treated him with indifference as a widow; but she never dreams of making the only atonement in her power. She is like the soldier in 'Pickwick,' who playfully stabbed the barmaid in his cups, and nobly offered to shake hands and forget all about it the next day!

Some of the less reputable people have in them the germ of good comic characters; and it is easy to see how the story might be developed into a sensation drama of thrilling interest. The clearing up of doubts and mysteries is skilfully kept to the right time, and the title, 'Loved at Last,' is artistically produced and re-produced in the concluding scenes. There are some incidents which, comparatively tame in a novel, would be very effective on the stage. Such is the appearance of Kate in disguise at the wretched lodging-house, which saves her lover from becoming the victim of his own despairing thoughts. The old kitchen-maid, Sally Sterkins, whose memory fixes the most important dates by the "biled knuckle of veal we 'ad that day," would work up into a very amusing character; and something might be made of the hard, unfeeling vulgarity of Selwyn Hartley. The incident of the forged will is thoroughly dramatic, and very well managed. Jim Perks's evidence being discredited by his subsequent misconduct, the reader is wholly unable to guess how the forgery is to be proved till he gets to the end of the third volume. There is a legal error, of course—there is one at least in every novel: Cecil Hartley is made to inherit the whole of his father's fortune because the latter dies intestate. If Mr. Lemon had consulted his solicitor, he would have learnt that personality goes to children equally, in case of in-

testacy. There was a novel published a few weeks ago, in which a husband inherited all his wife's broad acres because there was no marriage-settlement; and we have recently seen a popular drama in which a married lady proves a will as executrix without the concurrence or knowledge of her husband. It would be as well to avoid mistakes of this kind, although an ordinary reader might, perhaps, overlook them.

The Brookes of Bridlemere. By G. J. Whyte Melville. (Chapman & Hall.)

FEW writers of fiction are more cosmopolitan in their tastes than Mr. Whyte Melville. At one time we travel with him under the burning sun of Asia Minor, at another we trace adventure in the rocky fastnesses of Caledonia. A year ago he became our cicero in a Roman amphitheatre, and now he brings us home to the peaceful country seats of our nobility and gentry. No doubt he finds it good practice to try every kind of *locale* in turn, and whatever new experiment he attempts, his ready pen and genial humour are sure to carry him through with credit. In 'The Brookes of Bridlemere' we have a pleasant sketch of English life at the present day, and there are a good many types of character, which, if not of striking originality, are at any rate not stale or uninteresting. One of the best of these is Pounder the usurer, naturally a man of courage and honesty, but rather spoilt by the exigencies of his trade. Pounder in his suburban cottage at Balham, working in his little garden for half-an-hour before breakfast, is one man; Pounder in Short Street, Strand, acting as "confidential adviser in matters of pecuniary difficulty," is another; and the author humorously acquaints us with this circumstance by speaking at first of "two Pounders," as if there were really two different persons. The line thus drawn is accurately kept up to the last, or, rather, the truth which is shadowed forth is held in recollection. In the actual transaction of his dirty business, Mr. Pounder is slimy, cringing, and vulgarly prosy; but he may be surprised into truthfulness, and then he is suddenly transformed into the Pounder of Balham—bold, nervous, and hearty. We see instances of this when he resents Jack Brooke's insane attempt to seize the bill drawn by his brother, and afterwards, when he allows free play to his better nature during his interview with Sir Archibald. The plan of the story, which is laid chiefly in a higher social sphere, does not permit us to see much of the old money-lender; but the conception, as far as it goes, is consistently carried out, and it is, perhaps, the best in the book. Some praise is also due to the character of Multiple, a rich but vulgar and unscrupulous man, who manages, by dint of betting, racing, and lying, to push himself gradually into fashionable society, though he is really the senior partner in the money-lending firm. This man, Multiple, is the *bête noire* of the story, which turns chiefly upon a bill which Walter Brooke, a young guardsman, has improperly obtained from Ragman de Rolle, a brother officer. The steps by which Walter's delinquency becomes known, first to the artful Multiple, who would use it as a means of terrifying Helen Brooke into a hateful union, and afterwards to Walter's brother Jack, his uncle Archie, and Ragman de Rolle himself, are managed with much care and skill, so as to keep the reader, during the last volume, in a constant state of excitement. We must not, however, attempt to describe this delicate machinery, for it is better to leave such things to the imagination of our readers than to run any risk of telling too much.

It is a painful circumstance that at the end Walter Brooke is known to the reader to be a swindler, though generosity imposes silence on De Rolle, the only person who could swear to his guilt. Not that we care two straws for Brooke himself, a conceited and selfish young puppy, who freely snubs his friends and relations, while he condescends to use their money; but, after all, he is Helen's brother, and we should wish her a better fate than to be sister to a knight who has lost his spurs. The young ladies, Helen Brooke and Lady Julia Treadwell, are not very interesting, or our gallantry would have led us to say more of them.

Lady Julia is avowedly a "gusher," which may be all very well; but, making every allowance for this, she is certainly too loud and saucy for a young woman in her position. It is true that she gives up slang when engaged, Jack Brooke giving up smoking in return. After all, what can we expect of rising Peeresses, when a full-blown Duchess is capable of calling out, "My stars! what a bonnet!" It is but fair to mention that Lady Julia is very charming in the lane, when she sees shy Jack Brooke jump the fence, and straightway gives and takes her first lesson in love. Miss Prince, a middle-aged lady, of the genus Companion, affords little amusement occasionally. She has a great admiration for the army, and frequently refers to her late uncle—"my military uncle, you know, my dear,"—the said uncle having been a clerk in the War-office. There is a run with the hounds, as a matter of course; and also a great event on the turf; moreover, there is a public entertainment of the kind well known in agricultural regions as a "mixed ball"—that is, a ball that everybody goes to, in order to make it pay; but the "county" dance at one end of the room, and the "town" at the other; so that injudicious familiarity between the gold and brass of society is carefully avoided.

Reverses. By the Author of 'Angelo.' 2 vols. (Murray & Co.)

THIS novel begins well: the characters are well described, and talk like rational beings in the beginning of the story; but, we are sorry to say, the tale speedily falls off, and becomes utterly foolish,—badly written, badly put together, an incoherent jumble of murder, revenge, mystery, treachery, and obligatory adventures, to lengthen the tale rather than for any necessity in the story. There is a wonderful heroine, endowed with all the virtues of her sex; a hero, worthy to be her match; a reprobate, as black as ink can make him; an estate in the possession of the wrong person, who knowingly and wickedly keeps out the right owner. The author does not understand how to find the road through his own labyrinth, and certainly does not lead his readers through "pleasant pages."

Lion Hearted. By the Author of 'The Gambler's Wife.' 2 vols. (Low & Co.)

THE quality of the English language, as written in works of ephemeral literature, is deteriorating every day. We do not care to carp at words, nor to mark accidental mistakes; but the modest pages of Lindley Murray are accessible to all, and a slight acquaintance with them is incumbent upon an author. The evil example of slovenly diction, incorrect grammar, the use of epithets to save the trouble of expressing ideas, is spreading even amongst writers who cannot plead want of practice. Mrs. Grey has written some good novels, and she ought to set a good example to the rising generation of authors; but, in her present novel of 'Lion Hearted,' it is difficult to say whether the absurd inanity of the story, or the loose ungainly style of the language in which it is told, is the worse. Take the following as a specimen of style:—"When she did listen to what her friend gently broke to her, it was with difficulty that she at first realized the truth—believed it possible she was really no longer helpless or dependent; that liberty, yes liberty, with Gwendoline, was now before her. But when she was really made to see and feel it, it was productive of something like a miraculous effect, such as might have almost seemed to justify, in the eyes of those ignorant of the galvanic effect, almost it may be called, which may be produced on an essentially nervous malady, by a sudden shock of joy or other strong mental emotion. Mrs. Mallory's implication of imposture with respect to her teacher's inconvenient illness." So much for the style in which the story is written. The story itself is no better than the setting; it is foolish, improbable, and dull, yet suggesting that had Mrs. Grey bestowed honest labour upon it, she could have made it into a tale worth reading. Mrs. Grey has sketched a female character, which shows that she has the power to do better if she chose to give the amount of labour and painstaking needful to produce an honest piece of work.

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passionate, impressionable girl, always wanting to "sacrifice herself" and unable to do the most simple duty; with ardent sensibilities and no principles, yet capable of passionate remorse, is a character well conceived and true to life. Mr. Fielden, the worthless, thriftless, fascinating clergyman, who is over head in debts, is well conceived. The easy vanity with which he accepts Bona's romantic devotion; the willingness to do anything that promises extrication from immediate difficulties, even to aiding an Italian adventurer to marry Bona, who has a nice little fortune, are well drawn. He works upon the poor girl's conscience, and uses his influence over her to induce her to consent to the marriage, by making her believe that it will be for his benefit. Mr. Fielden's wife, a good woman, with the life crushed out of her by her fascinating husband, is also well imagined; but the husband and wife are left mere crude, hasty sketches. The Italian adventurer is not badly imagined; his melo-dramatic bursts of passion and jealousy, and his genuinely diabolical temper, are well calculated to work on a girl like Bona; whilst the fascination he exercises over her, and the mixture of remorse, foolishness and generosity with which she persists in "sacrificing herself," are suggestive of a good story.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Oxford Declaration and the Eleven Thousand Biblical Truths and Bishop Colenso. By James Boultby. (Farrah.)—When a public event is on hand, it always furnishes a heading for advertisements. Dr. Colenso is put forward by all who write against orthodoxy, like Uriah the Hittite; and those who put him forward then retire, that he may be smitten by the Canaanites, and die. The book before us is a profound attack upon Christianity, the author of which—of the book we mean—is not satisfied unless every event be explicable. "If the Son of God left his heavenly abode for the very express purpose to suffer death to save mankind, why could this event only take place by the instrumentality of the devil, who obliged Judas Iscariot to betray his master? and by this act Christ's death, instead of salvation, became the instrument of destruction to Judas....." The last sentence of the book is, "Do not the fatal riots of August, 1864, at Belfast, prove that they are one of the evils which have resulted from the 'scene which was enacted on Calvary more than two thousand years ago?'" Imagine such matter as this carried through 150 pages of unreadable type, and a good notion may be formed of the book.

Crosspatch, the Cricket, and the Counterpane: a Patchwork of Story and Song. By Frances Freeling Broderip. Illustrated by her Brother, Thomas Hood. (Griffith & Farran.)—The author of 'Tiny Tadpole' and 'Funny Tales for Little Folks' always deserves and receives a hearty welcome, when she reappears at Christmastide with a new volume of mirthful fancies and wholesome thoughts for our boys and girls. The second title of her present book fairly states its contents. Story and song follow each other without logical sequence; but, as the stories are good and the songs capital, little students in knickerbockers or short petticoats will like them all the better for their diversity, and for the helter-skelter fashion in which Crosspatch throws them on the carpet. One of the best and most humorous pieces is the ballad which tells the fortunes of the two brothers "Can't Do It" and "Don't Care." "Can't Do It," after a brief existence of inglorious laziness, dies because he can't rouse himself, and take the medicine sent to him by the doctor. "Don't Care," it is needless to assure those who are aware of Mrs. Broderip's respect for the traditions of the nursery, closes his abandoned career on the gallows. The moral of the tale is thus pointed:—

There's nothing right we cannot do,
If we've the will to try,
The wheel won't roll out of the ditch,
If we sit down and cry.

And we must cry, and suffer too,
What'er we choose to tell,
For all our wrong and wicked acts,
And all our idle words as well.

—Mr. Thomas Hood's illustrations to his sister's

book are as good as anything his pencil has produced.

Routledge's Every Boy's Manual: an Original Miscellany of Entertaining Literature. Edited by Edmund Routledge. With One Hundred Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)—Mr. Routledge has not put forth a better book for schoolboys than the volume before us. Cleverly written, well illustrated, and pervaded by a healthy tone, 'Every Boy's Manual' for 1865 may be recommended to buyers of Christmas presents. The writers are various, and, for the most part, bear names with which children are familiar. Mr. R. M. Ballantyne tells a brisk and humorous story, 'Freaks on the Fells.' Mr. C. H. Bennett's papers, narrating the 'Adventures of Young Munchausen,' contain an abundance of wild nonsense that will make the youngsters roar aloud. In a series of sketches of 'Remarkable Travellers,' Mr. William Dalton works with effect in his special department of biography. The Rev. Mr. Wood lectures on 'The Microscope,' 'Pigeons,' 'Poultry,' 'Bees' and 'Owls.' Mr. Sterling Coyne's allegory, 'The Past, the Present, and the Future,' is fanciful and artistic; and amongst the other articles of the volume, which we have perused with more than ordinary pleasure, mention may be made of 'The Pilgrim Children and what befall Them,' a last story from the pen of the late Mr. J. G. Edgar, by whose death children lost one of their most agreeable instructors.

Golden Hair: a Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers. By Sir Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. With Illustrations. (Low & Co.)—As a general rule, it may be laid down that writers of stories for children should select subjects concerning which it is usual for boys and girls to have some information, or, at least, subjects on which youthful readers, under ordinary circumstances and without undue labour, can gather facts from books read by them in their play-hours. Sir Lascelles Wraxall's disregard of this principle makes us fear that the pains which he has bestowed on 'Golden Hair' will fail to place it amongst the commercial successes of the forthcoming Children's season. His characters are artistically chosen and painted; his descriptions of American scenery evince the care and learning of a conscientious workman; and the story itself, reproducing some of the more pleasant qualities of Cooper and James, is, on a small scale, a very commendable specimen of the sort of historic romance that was fashionable thirty years since. But, notwithstanding its good points, it is an unsatisfactory tale for young people. Boys and girls will not care to read it; because they have no sufficient knowledge of the Pilgrim Fathers and the British politics of the seventeenth century. Of course, our little ones, endowed with the sharpness and starting cleverness that mark the children of the present generation, can, in the course of a few weeks, "get up" a prodigious amount of popular history bearing on the English Stuarts and the Puritan exiles; but at the present moment they lack that knowledge, and Sir Lascelles Wraxall cannot reasonably ask the British governess to put her pupils through a course of special training, in order that they may be able to appreciate his novel for the nursery.

Packing-Case Tables: showing the Number of Superficial Feet in Boxes or Packing-Cases from Six Inches Square and upwards. By W. Richardson. (Lockwood & Co.)—The title explains the use of this table of duodecimal results.

Anglo-French Ready Reckoner. By R. Rickard. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—A neat work, containing comparisons of French and English measures.

The Little Tiro: a Practical Compendium of English Shorthand. By Dr. G. Michaelis. (Trübner & Co.)—Not explanation enough: we suppose other works are tacitly referred to.

Battalia: a New Game of Skill upon Military Principles, designed to supersede Chess. By D. A. Peachey. (Exeter, Gazette Office.)—And very military it looks with infantry, cavalry, artillery, rivers, forts, citadels, &c. We can give no idea of the details; but we dare say the game will amuse. It will not supersede chess; but it may give some useful notions about strategy, as that riflemen move and forts do not, that guns kill at a distance, &c.

Our Eternal Homes. By a Bible Student. (Pit-

man.)—The "Bible Student" strings together texts of Scripture in a fashion which proves that he has never read his Bible critically; and on matters beyond the range of man's observation he speaks with a confidence that will hurt those who are accustomed to meditate on sacred mysteries in a lowly and reverential spirit.

The Will o' the Wisps; or, St. John's Eve in the Forest. By the Authoress of 'The Princess Ilse.' Translated from the German. (Kennedy.)—The translator of 'The Will o' the Wisps' should have left these stories where she found them. The author of 'The Princess Ilse,' in her awkward and spasmodic attempts to be child-like, may possibly astonish and perplex, but she certainly will not please, little boys and girls.

Selected Poems—[Ausgewählte Dichtungen, von Friedrich Bodenstedt]. (Berlin.)—Prof. Bodenstedt's muse is most at home in verse of a semi-thoughtful, semi-sportive cast, *vers de société*, when the society is intellectual, highly cultivated and inclined to satire. Even in his more purely lyric pieces, where the utmost simplicity is allowed, he likes to weave some moral or deeper thought with pictures or fancies. Such at least is the case with the German Bodenstedt, though it may not have the same application to the oriental Bodenstedt. When he writes in his native character, he remembers the ideal and philosophic character of his nation, and is afraid to offend his learned readers by anything they may think frivolous. But when he calls himself Mirza Schaffy or Abbas-Kuli-Chan, he sings more freely. The consequence has been rather curious. His songs of Mirza Schaffy have gone into some twelve editions, while his native German poems are not so widely known. The learned colleagues for whose sake Prof. Bodenstedt wrote his German poems, have preferred his Oriental ones, which were meant for the people. And some of the less learned have actually supposed that there was a Persian poet of the name of Mirza Schaffy, and that Bodenstedt was merely his translator. They have not scrupled to state their preference of Bodenstedt's translations to his original poems. A notice of Bodenstedt in the excellent *Revue Germanique* of Paris informed us that Bodenstedt made the acquaintance in Persia of the celebrated Persian poet, Mirza Schaffy, sat at his feet and translated his well-known Persian poems. A Prussian scientific expedition, when it passed through Tiflis, made particular inquiries for the celebrated poet, and was astonished to find that the only man of the name of Mirza Schaffy in Tiflis had been a poor teacher of Persian, and was never known to have written a line of poetry. This fact, which was duly published to the world, may be supposed to have opened all eyes, and the German professor need not be robbed in future of his proper fame as an Oriental poet. This time, however, we find him in his native garb, and must allot especial praise to the class of poems mentioned at the beginning of this notice. Such, for instance, as 'The Roman Boy,' 'Why the Jews eat no Pork,' 'I stood at Noah's Grave,' 'Material Philosophers,' are pleasant specimens of satire and humour, while 'The warlike Nazarenes' is a higher and graver flight, though marked by the same characteristics. Prof. Bodenstedt has indeed forgotten, while contrasting the fame of Christ and Caesar, of religious and martial virtue, that the comparison does not exactly apply to the case in point. It is, no doubt, ludicrous to an observer, who can afford to stand aloof, and judge by an impartial standard, to find at the beginning of the Crimean war, the Metropolitan of Moscow exclaiming, "You fight for the cross against the heathen"; the Archbishop of Paris, "You fight for the Glory of God"; the Archbishop of Canterbury, "Jesus Christ our Saviour, for whose sake you fight, bless your arms." But it was not the desire of laurels, of the fame of Caesar, which impelled all the three nations to take, as Prof. Bodenstedt thinks, the name of Christ in vain. The Russians, who have long felt a holy mission against Constantinople, might indeed think that they were fighting in a Christian cause when driving the infidels out of Europe. The French prelates who blessed the Emperor as the saviour of society, might forget that his object was to get into good society. And

the English were certainly impelled, whatever mistakes they might make, by a stern sense of duty. It is true that the motives of two of the rulers were not very pure: that the Czar wanted conquest, not for fame, but for practical ends, and the Emperor wanted it because to him fame was a practical end. But because the rulers had private motives, the people need not be hypocritical, and they might believe they were fighting for a Christian object, while really advancing the secret wants of their rulers; just as the enthusiasm of the first crusade ministered to the ambition of prince and pontiff. One of Prof. Bodenstedt's stanzas runs—

I grant true heroism's claim,
But one thing let me place before ye,
Far different is the Christian's fame,
And different far the warrior's glory.
Be what you will, but be sincere,
Let God's own Son serve for the moral,
No crown of thorns was Caesar's gear,
And Jesus bore no wreath of laurel.

But who was it said "I came not to send peace, but a sword"?

Conversation Exercises—[*Exercices de Conversation; ou, Recueil de Scènes tirées des Œuvres de nos Meilleurs Auteurs Dramatiques Contemporains*, par Victor Richon], (Williams & Norgate), and *Epistolary Exercises*—[*Exercices Epistolaires à l'Usage des Étrangers qui désirent se perfectionner dans la Pratique de la Correspondance Française*, par Victor Richon], (Williams & Norgate), are excellent aids to the acquisition of a facility in speaking and writing French correctly. A few pages at the beginning of the former volume are occupied by fables put into the form of dialogues, which would be better without the frequent interruptions by the narrator in the shape of such phrases as "said he," &c. The remainder is composed of extracts from Scribe, Souvestre, Balzac, Vitet, and other contemporary dramatic writers. The second volume contains a number of well-written letters on a variety of suitable topics, to be answered by the learner in French; after which come a number of letters written by several persons of eminence, among whom may be mentioned M. Dupin, the father of George Sand, Madame De Staél, A. Dumas, Victor Hugo, De Tocqueville, and others. Hence the student is furnished at once with something to write about, and the best models of epistolary composition, by carefully studying which he may hope to write well.

Of Miscellaneous Publications we have to announce *The Competitive and Further Examination of the Selected Candidates for Her Majesty's Indian Civil Service: a Memorandum*, by W. N. Lees (Calcutta, College Press),—*Hints to Performers on Musical Instruments played by the Touch of the Hand, for the Use of Teachers and Students of Music*, by Leo Kerbusch (Augener & Co.),—*Indian Emigration: Where to Settle in Western India, with Hints on Cotton and Sheep-Farms*, by Lieut. T. P. B. Walsh (Saunders, Otley & Co.),—*Extracts from 'Sikes on Parochial Communion' relating to Episcopacy and the Sin of Schism* (Parker),—*A First Catechism on the Bible*, edited by the Ven. H. P. Ffoulkes, Archdeacon of Montgomery,—*Harmony of Revelation and the Sciences*, by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of London (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas),—and from Messrs. J. & C. Mozley, Volume IV. of *The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching*,—*The Right Fear and the Wrong Fear. It Looks So! Gossip. Thoughts on the Baptismal Vow for Young Christians. A Short Life of Sir Isaac Newton. The Prince and Schudner. An Allegory*, by the Rev. W. H. Ridley,—*The Procession*, by the Rev. W. H. Ridley, and I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, reprinted from 'Thoughts on the Church Catechism.'

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adams's Famous Beauties and Historic Women, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/- Afternoon Lectures on Literature, &c., 2nd series, fo. 8vo. 6/- cl. Beauty, The, and her Plain Sister, 18mo. 2/- cl. Bentham's Legislation, Analysis of, by Fletcher, er. 8vo. 2/- cl. Bradford's Biograph. Memoirs of, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 12/- cl. Brown's How to escape from Richon, 18mo. 2/- cl. Bradshaw's Handbook to the Bengal Presidency, large sq. 10/- cl. Bradshaw's Handbook to the Madras Presidency, large sq. 10/- cl. Breerton's John the Gay Poems, fo. 8vo. 5/- cl. By J. Wilkins' Pictures of Life, 1st edit. by Pratt, 12mo. 3/- cl. Cecil Forrester, by Sheridan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/- cl. Clark's Observations on Hygiene of the Army in India, 8vo. 5/- cl. Crowe & Cavalcasse's Painting in Italy, V. 1 and 2, 8vo. 42/- cl. Dun's Veterinary Medicines, new edit. 8vo. 12/- cl. Dryer's History of Rome, Europe, Vols. 3 and 4, 8vo. 30/- cl. Engel's Music of the Most Ancient Nations, 8vo. 10/- cl.

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SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE. *The Writ De Hæretico Commissario.*

Nov. 14, 1864.

This document was sent to me four days ago. It "solicits the favour"—I thought at first it was a grocer's supplication for tea and sugar patronage—of my signature to expression of "sincere regret" that some persons unnamed—general warrants are illegal—differ from what I am supposed—by persons whom it does not concern—to hold about Scripture and Science in their real or alleged discrepancies.

No such favour from me: for three reasons. First, I agree with Sir J. Herschel that the solicitation is an intrusion to be publicly repelled. Secondly, I do not regret that others should differ from me, think what I may: those others are as good as I, and as well able to think, and as much entitled to their conclusions. Thirdly, even if I did regret, I should be ashamed to put my name to bad chemistry made to do duty for good reasoning. The declaration is an awkward attempt to saturate sophism with truisms; but the sophism is left largely in excess.

I owe the inquisitors a grudge for taking down my conceit of myself. For two months I have crowded in my own mind over my friend Sir J. Herschel, fancying that the promoters instinctively knew better than to bring their fallacies before a writer on logic. Ah! my dear Sir John! thought I, if you had shown yourself to be well up in *Barbara Celarent*, and had ever and anon astonished the natives with the distinction between *simpliciter* and *secundum quid*, no autograph-hunters would have baited a trap with *non sequitur* to catch your signature. What can I say now? I hide my diminished head, diminished by the horns which I have been compelled to draw in.

Those who make personal solicitation for support to an opinion about religion are bound to know their men. The king had a right to Brother Neale's money, because Brother Neale offered it. Had he put his hand into purse after purse by way of finding out all who were of Brother Neale's mind, he would have been justly met by a rap on the knuckles whenever he missed his mark.

The kind of test before me is the utmost our time will allow of that inquisition into opinion which has been the curse of Christianity ever since the State took Providence under its protection. The *writ de hæretico commiserando* is little more than the smell of the empty cask: and those who issue it may represent the old woman with her

*O suavis anima, quale in te dicam bonum
Antebac fulisse; tales cum sint reliqua.*

It is no excuse that the illegitimate bantling is a very little one. Its parents may think themselves hardly treated when they are called lineal successors of Tony Fire-the-faggot: but, degenerate though they be, such is their ancestry. Let every allowance be made for them: but their unholy fire must be trodden out; so long as a spark is left, nothing

but fuel is wanted to make a blaze. If this cannot be done, let the flame be confined to theology, though even there it burns with diminished vigour: and let charity, candour, sense, and ridicule, be ready to play upon it whenever there is any chance of its extending to literature or science.

What would be the consequence if this test-signing absurdity were to grow? Deep would call unto deep; counter-declaration would answer declaration, each stronger than the one before. The moves would go on like the dispute of two German students, of whom each is bound to a sharper retort on a graduated scale, until at last comes *dummer Junge!*—and then they must fight. There is a gentleman in the upper fifteen of the signers of the writ—the hawking of whose names appears to me very bad taste—whom I met in cordial co-operation for many a year at a scientific board. All I knew about his religion was that he, as a clergyman, must in some sense or other receive the 39 Articles:—all he could know about mine was that I was some kind of heretic, or so reputed. If we had come to signing opposite manifestoes, turn-about, we might have found ourselves in the lowest depth of party discussion at our very council-table. I trust the list of subscribers to the declaration, when it comes to be published, will show that the bulk of those who have really added to our knowledge have seen the thing in its true light.

The promoters—I say nothing about the subscribers—of the movement will, I trust, not feel aggrieved at the course I have taken or the remarks I have made. Walter Scott says that before we judge Napoleon by the temptation to which he yielded, we ought to remember how much he may have resisted: I invite them to apply this rule to myself; they can have no idea of the feeling with which I contemplate all attempts to repress freedom of inquiry, nor of the loathing with which I recoil from the proposal to be art and part. They have asked me to give a public opinion upon a certain point. It is true that they have had the kindness to tender both the opinion they wish me to form, and the shape in which they would have it appear: I will let them draw me out, but I will not let them take me in. If they will put an asterisk to my name, and this letter to the asterisk, they are welcome to my signature. As I do not expect them to relish this proposal, I will not solicit the favour of its adoption. But they have given a right to think, for they have asked me to think; to publish, for they have asked me to allow them to publish; to blame them, for they have asked me to blame their betters. Should they venture to find fault because my direction of disapproval, publicly given, is half a revolution different from theirs, they will be known as having presented a loaded document at the head of a traveller in the highway of public discussion, with—Your signature or your silence!

A. DE MORGAN.

PICTURE CLEARING.

THE ripening and the destroying powers of Time seem to admit of no interval. No sooner is the work of the painter complete and his hand withdrawn from the canvas, than Time, slowly, and at first imperceptibly, begins to set his seal upon it, by changing the surface, deepening or paling particular colours, and frequently altering the very nature of the materials with which the pigments were blended together. It is stated that even the newest picture within a year from its leaving the Exhibition would present a surprising contrast if it were possible to compare the two states together. No material, however, seems to be so rapidly affected by time as varnish, and of all varnishes the one called mastic changes quickest. It is a great misfortune that this important material, which lies upon the surface of the oil-painting, covering and protecting it like a sheet of glass, should have such a tendency to thicken and to become obscured. Mastic, when laid upon a soundly-painted oil-picture, produces no actual effect on the colours themselves, except that, for a little while at least, it has the effect of considerably enhancing their brilliancy to the eye. The varnish does not mix with the well-dried colours below, and can be cleaned off or removed

with as much safety as a sheet of glass can be taken away from a framed water-colour drawing. There were times however, when the mastic varnish was not so strictly confined, as we have just stated, to the surface of the picture, but was also mixed up with the oil and thoroughly commingled with the colours that the artist himself used. This combination is comparatively a recent innovation, and already the mischief of it has been found out, so as to act, it may be hoped, as a warning to all future practitioners. The cracked and never-drying masses of colour, so lamentable in the last works of Wilkie, Hilton, Hopper, and many artists of the Lawrence period, show the fatal effects of the employment of *mastic*, the name by which this pernicious compound is universally known. All older pictures fairly painted with oil on solid material have stood the test of time, and have had their coats of pure varnish renewed or cleaned from time to time without any serious deterioration to the colours below. The only penalty in these cases is the above-named tendency to increasing obscuration, a misfortune which seems to be inherent in the varnish itself. Means, however, have recently been found out to combat this disadvantage. Prof. Pettenkofer, of Munich, has discovered a process by which this thickening tendency on the surface of the varnish can at any time be remedied.

An article on the results of this discovery has just appeared in the *Fine-Arts Quarterly Review*, with a certain degree of authority, by a Correspondent writing from Munich, where many interesting experiments on this subject have been made. Dr. Pettenkofer's name is well known in the scientific world, and he was, on those grounds, appointed by the Bavarian Government to form one of a commission of inquiry to examine into the condition of the pictures in the Pinakothek at Munich. The pictures were described as being covered with a hazy film or "permanent fog," whilst over very many of them rough blotches of mouldiness had formed which completely hid their colours. These effects were, more or less, the result of carelessness. The paintings in this condition were considered to be in certain progress towards total destruction. The active mind of the German Professor hereupon sought to account for these deteriorating changes, and, in the course of a few experiments, he succeeded in producing, on a modern picture, a similar deposit to that which had veiled the colours of the older masters. The Professor next desired to reverse the process. Having been furnished with some old pictures which had been discarded from the gallery, as in too hopeless a condition for any attempt at restoration, he took them in hand, and his experiments proved completely successful. Landscapes, with foliage and pure tints of the sky, came forth at his bidding out of an unmeaning darkness; whilst even the original glazing is said to have continued unimpaired. Dr. Pettenkofer's process at present remains a secret. But the results, as already shown, are too important in the interest of Art generally to allow the matter long to remain hidden. The term "picture-regeneration," already applied to it, does not fairly represent the circumstance. The picture is not born or made over again. It is simply an external operation, which enables us to see more distinctly that which has become dim, and corresponds, it would seem, with our use of glasses for clearing the sight. From what we can now ascertain, the process is only available for a mastic-varnish surface. It does not act upon oil, and is, in itself, purely restricted to the surface. From statements that have been made, the process takes nothing from the varnish, and, at the same time, adds nothing to it. The dimming effects of time appear to be a subtle formation upon the outer surface of the varnish, without at all affecting the nature of the resin within, and yet, to all appearance, the very nature of the material is as thoroughly changed as if actual horn were suddenly converted into glass.

From all that has been stated, it is not to be supposed that an injured picture, suffering either from re-painting or over-cleaning, or where damp or extreme dryness may have rotted or chipped away the colours, can be benefited by the Pettenkofer process. It rather applies to well-kept gallery pictures;

those in public museums and noblemen's houses, where the supply of varnish and a careful preservation of surface have been constantly maintained. So far there seems to be everything in favour of the new process. The inventor, a man of recognized scientific attainments, guarantees the soundness of the means. The discovery was not a matter of mere accident, but a scientific deduction, the result of concentrated interest and observation. The safety of his process has been indorsed by Baron Liebig, to whom it was freely communicated by Dr. Pettenkofer, and approved by the President and members of the Bavarian Academy of Arts. A further recommendation attending it is the circumstance that very little expense, and a very small amount of time are required for the operation. Whilst thus looking forward to the advantages which this new discovery is likely to confer, it is also desirable to remember that the application is limited by circumstances. It would be folly to expect to see old pictures converted into new ones, or that every picture with apparently a good hard surface will reveal depths and transparencies which never were there, or display brightness of colour which the painter himself had for ever vivified by the thoughtless use of bad oil, asphaltum, or some waxy compound. There are, fortunately, many pictures yet remaining in the world independent of these troublesome conditions, and over which time alone has merely imposed a horny coating.

If, therefore, this optical defect—whether film or curtain—can be so easily and safely remedied or removed, the sooner the secret is divulged the better. We then may look for fair and practical experiments to ascertain within what bounds it may be legitimately applied, and to satisfactorily determine to what extent it may be implicitly trusted.

FLORENCE UNDER WATER.

Florence, Nov. 9, 1864.

In the midst of busy preparation for the new dignities which shortly await her as the Capital of Italy, Florence was overshadowed last Sunday by the close approach of a "peril by waters" such as she has not known since the year 1844, when almost all the low-lying quarters of the town were overflowed by the Arno to a considerable depth, with great peril and distress to a large portion of the citizens. Those who have only seen the classic Tuscan river idling along between the bridges or beside the Cascine walks at its normal jog-trot winter pace, or creeping on its way cowed and impoverished by summer drought to the very dregs of a stream, can have no idea whatever of the trembling effect due to the raging torrent Arno when a few days' hard rain, or the melting of the snow on the mountains, has swollen his little trickling tributaries each into a foaming cataract, and he tears forward from the Apennine gorges through Florence and Pisa to the sea, sweeping trees, stones, and crops, and—not unsold—cattle and the ruins of cottages away, as playthings for his furious, muddy waves. When such a catastrophe occurs, every house on the Florence Lung' Arno, especially in the old quarters on the southern side, has to look to its ancient walls, and brick-up its cellar windows, while the jewellers of the Ponte Vecchio hastily huddle up their precious belongings and convey them to some place of safer bestowal, and the city authorities set a vigilant watch, night and day, upon the increase of the flood, and issue hurried orders for boats and ropes and big loaves in profusion, wherewith to supply the needs of the poorer districts, which are unhappily the first to suffer by the visitation.

This year a period of unseasonably warm weather in October had been succeeded by three or four days' hard and almost constant rain, and every small streamlet in the surrounding hills was up and stirring on its errand of mischief; while the clay-coloured Arno was hourly swelling, and smiting the piers of the bridges with ever-weightier strokes, as a strong raw smell of freshly-opened earth came up in gusts from its turbid waters.

All day from early dawn the lashing rain came down; rain and thunder, and trenchant vicious lightning out of a pitchy sky. About 10 A.M. the

river Mugnone, a mere tiny rivulet skirting at a short distance the north walls of the town, burst its banks (in spring the favourite treasure-ground of violets and scented yellow tulips for the Florentine urchins), and, with all the airs of a masterful torrent, overflowed the whole road outside the walls from Porta Pinti to Porta la Croce, and came blustering down the adjacent streets into the gardens and cellars of Borgo Pinti, till the sturdy old town gates were shut in its face, and they, together with the ancient walls, which, we are told, are so soon to come down, and make way for a fashionable Boulevard, effectually prevented its further course.

Still the rain poured on, and that Sunday night the beautiful Lung' Arno presented a strange and most picturesque sight, by the light of the weird-looking torches flashing hither and thither, and quivering to the fierce gusts of bitter wind, in the hands of the National Guards and gendarmes who superintended and helped on busy workers in removing goods from cellars and lower floors, and bricking-up the thoroughfare in haste, lest ill should befall those whom curiosity might attract to follow the course of the river, where the parapet, already in sore peril, might at any moment give way to the force of the ever-rising flood.

Many a group of scared watchers stood gazing from the first-floor windows and lofty balconies, which were every moment swept by the muddy spray of the great heavy waves thundering under the arches of the bridges in awful deep pits and giddy swirls, while every now and then some shapeless black mass, some uprooted tree or fragment from the railway works, would dash against the stalwart piers with a threatening crash, heard loud above the awful roar of the river, and then sway round and heave onwards amid the leaping of the waves.

In several places the river made a clean breach over the parapet, and in an instant had filled the sloping reaches of street at hand; but by three o'clock in the morning the rain began to lessen and the thunder to die away, and by day-dawn the Arno had begun to diminish a few inches, thereby giving good hope that the worst of the danger was past. The bitter north wind, which had seemed to complicate the terrors of the night, had, in truth, been one great means of averting a much wider spread of evil, for it had turned to snow all the rain that would have fallen on the hills in the later hours of the night. Another great cause of comparative safety to the city was a new conduit of great size, only lately constructed under the New Lung' Arno, and opened but a few days ago, by which a great body of water was separated from the main stream of the river. Many adjacent towns and villages have been far less fortunate; for we hear a dismal account from the country of bridges broken down, portions of railroad washed away, vineyards and olive-grounds devastated; and lives with difficulty saved, by their owners clambering into trees, or remaining imprisoned in the garrets of their dwellings till help could come.

The outlook from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio early on Monday morning showed the girdle of near Apennines standing out hard and ghastly against the ragged clouds, in its clothing of fresh snow, the beautiful Cascine drives a maze of confused streams, and the prospect over the Val d'Arno everywhere gleaming with stretches of yellow water, dotted with livid-looking trees and dwellings. During that and the following day Florence was kept fasting from all fresh food for political speculation, so rife at this time; for not a foreign nor even a Turin journal arrived, owing to the injuries sustained by every line of railroad; while the damage done to the telegraph-wires by the furious tempest wind prevented the passage of despatches. The municipal authorities, however, were at least fully employed in giving assistance and distributing bread among the imprisoned inhabitants of the narrow streets of the quarters of San Frediano and San Niccolò, which were still many feet deep in mud and water.

It is but justice to say that the exertions of the National Guard and the Pompieri, in the case of the former voluntarily and gratuitously rendered in behalf of the sufferers both in Florence

second column is to be understood as beginning at the end of the series forming the first column:

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| John i. 1—28. | John xiii. 1—10. |
| John xxiv. 12—35. | ... xiii. 12—17. |
| John i. 35—52. | ... xiii. 31—xvii. 1. |
| ... iii. 1—33. | Matt. xxvii. 62—xxviii. 20. |
| ... xi. 19—31. | Luke iv. 16—22. |
| Mark xv. 43—xvi. 8. | ... i. 39—56. |
| John v. 1—15. | ... x. 88—92. |
| vii. 14—30. | ... xi. 27—28. |
| ... iv. 5—42. | John xii. 28—36. |
| ix. 1—38. | ... xix. 6—35. |
| Mark xvi. 9—20. | Luke ii. 1—20. |
| Luke xxvi. 36—53. | Matt. iii. 18—25. |
| John xvi. 1—13. | ... ii. 1—12. |
| ... xii. 15—25. | Luke ii. 20—52. |
| ... xiv. 15—27. | ... iii. 1—18. |
| vii. 37—viii. 12. | ... iii. 21—22. |
| Matt. xii. 32—xiii. 30. | Mark i. 9—11. |
| iv. 18—23. | Matt. iii. 13—17. |
| ... vii. 22—33. | Luke ii. 22—40. |
| viii. 5—13. | Matt. xi. 27—30. |
| viii. 28—ix. 1. | ... iv. 25—v. 12. |
| ix. 1—8. | Luke i. 24—38. |
| ix. 27—35. | John x. 17—xvi. 2. |
| xiv. 14—22. | ... xix. 25—27. |
| xiv. 22—34. | ... xxi. 24—25. |
| xvii. 14—23. | ... x. 22—28. |
| ... xii. 10—26. | Matt. xii. 13—19. |
| Luke xv. 11—32. | Mark ix. 2—9. |
| Matt. xxv. 31—46. | Matt. xvii. 1—9. |
| vi. 14—21. | Mark vi. 14—30. |
| ... xxi. 1—17. | Matt. x. 1—8. |
| John xii. 1—18. | John x. 9—16. |
| Matt. xxvi. 1—27. | |

After John x. 9—16, the opening words merely of three Gospel sections are given; these words being taken apparently from Matt. xxviii. 16, Mark xvi. 1, and Mark xvi. 9. Then follows the passage Luke xxiv. 1—12, succeeded by two more beginnings of sections from St. Luke; the former, as it would seem, being intended for Luke xxiv. 12, the latter consisting of the words τῷ καὶ εἰκεῖνος οἱ Ἰησοῦς εκ νεκρῶν. The sections John x. 1—10 and John xx. 11—18 come next; after which another imperfect passage from the fourth Gospel appears under the form οὐστῆς ημέρας τῇ πρώτῃ εἰκεῖνος τῷ μη τούς σαββάτους. Again, a regular section from St. John follows, viz., xxi. 1—14. Then the entire series terminates with an unfinished paragraph from the same Evangelist, the words of it—τῷ καὶ εἰκεῖνος εἴσανερωτεῖν αὐτὸν οἱ Ἰησοῦς—pointing to the passage last named as the one referred to in whole or part.

In the cases in which passages are bracketed in the foregoing list, it should be understood that the latter of each pair of Gospel sections, as it stands in the MS., has no separate heading, but is simply divided by a break from the section preceding it. It ought to be stated, too, that the Greek words with which many of the above-named sections begin are not literal transcripts of the text of the Evangelists. As in our own Book of Common Prayer, there is the free use of introductory formulas, τῷ καὶ εἰκεῖνος, εἰπεν οἱ Κυριος, &c.; and the original words are often modified in the Golden MS., as taste or convention might dictate. In some instances the alterations are very considerable, and argue bungling either on the part of those who framed the text, or of the scribe who wrote it. The commencement of the section, John xix. 6—35 in particular, is miserably botched and jumbled. It is also worthy of remark that, occasionally at least, our catalogue makes the contents of the volume larger than they are in fact. Some of the principal sections do not include the whole of the matter lying within their extreme points. Entire paragraphs, possibly entire chapters, are omitted, though there is no indication of hiatus in the ecclesiastical text. Of course, precision in this matter could only have been gained by a careful reading of the MS. from end to end.

We can say little as to the readings; and, considering the constitution and probable date of the MS., it is of no great consequence, for the purposes of New Testament criticism, whether it agrees or disagrees with the older and strictly Biblical Codices. So far as we observed, it offered no important variations upon the text of the Gospels as it commonly appears in the early Greek MSS. A few of its lections have already been indicated. We are only able to furnish a miscellaneous handful in addition. Matt. i. 18 has γεννησίς, not γεννησις. In Matt. iii. 17 the form εὐδόκησα occurs, while the corresponding passages of the second and

third Gospels have ηδόκησα. The name of the people mentioned in Matt. viii. 28 appears, as in the Received Text, Γεργεσῖνων. Matt. xiv. 34 reads Πεννησαρεθ, and Luke iv. 16, Ναζαρεθ, with Tischendorf. In Matt. xxi. 1, Tischendorf is again supported by the Βηθσαΐην, which stands for the Βηθφαΐην of Stephens. The εστι of Matt. xxvii. 62 is εστιν in our MS. Συντελεῖα with a short oblique stroke running downwards from left to right after the final vowel at top stands for the συντελεῖα of Matt. xxviii. 20. The common reading εὐδόκια, not εὐδόκης, is found in Luke ii. 14. For the εν μετω of Luke xxiv. 36, the form ερμεσω is given. John ix. 1 substitutes γενετής by γεννητης. Lastly, in the passage John i. 24—28, which, with the exception we now note, and the further introduction of υμας after βαπτιζω, is identical throughout with the Textus Receptus, the moderns who read Βηθαΐαν for Βηθαΐαρα may quote the Golden MS. as a secondary authority in their favour. Students of the Greek Evangelaria will find subject of inquiry in comparing the contents of our MS. with other documents of its order; but this is a field of research on which we forbear to enter.

We fear the Golden MS. at Sinai must be reckoned among the curiosities of literature rather than its real treasures. Yet it is a splendid memorial of an age and a condition of things which had their excellencies no less than their defects, and to which the highest enlightenment of present times will not impute it as a fault that they favoured the conservation and glory of the written records of our Faith.

JOHN DURY GEDEN.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. Murray's annual trade dinner and sale was held on Friday, last week, when very large orders for his books were given. The following numbers are exact:—950 of Lord Derby's Translation of Homer,—500 of Crowe's 'History of Painting in Italy,'—1,600 of Vámbery's 'Adventures in Central Asia,'—3,200 of Dean Stanley's second series of 'Lectures on the Jews,'—450 of Mills's 'Account of the Modern Samaritans,'—4,200 of Smiles's 'Life of Brindley,'—750 of Grote's 'Plato,'—300 of Engel's 'Music of the Ancient Nations,'—1,500 of Lyell's 'Elements of Geology,' sixth edition,—500 of Dr. Robinson's 'Geography of Palestine,'—700 of Michie's 'Siberian Overland Route,'—400 of Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' third edition,—1,000 of Leslie and Taylor's 'Life of Reynolds,'—2,000 of Foss's 'Judges of England,' Vols. VII. VIII. and IX.,—400 of Rennie's 'North China and Japan,'—900 of 'The Student's Specimens of English Literature,'—and 400 of Col. MacDougall's 'On Modern Warfare.' Of old-established works the following unprecedented large orders were received:—3,200 of Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns,—1,200 of Dr. Wm. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,'—1,000 of Byron's Works,—3,200 of King Edward VIth's Latin Grammar,—2,000 of Smiles's 'Lives of George and Robert Stephenson,'—10,000 of Mrs. Markham's Histories,—1,200 of James's 'Æsop's Fables,'—1,000 of Hallam's 'Histories,'—600 of Blunt's 'Undesignated Coincidences,'—450 of Dean Hook's 'Church Dictionary,'—300 of Canon Robertson's 'Church History,'—600 of Stanley's 'Eastern Church,'—700 of Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,'—800 of Murray's British Classics,—4,300 of Smith's Latin Dictionaries,—3,000 of Smith's Classical Dictionaries,—9,000 of Smith's Latin Course,—4,300 of 'Self-Help,'—10,500 of Murray's 'Student's Manual,'—7,000 of 'Little Arthur's England,'—and 700 of Stanley's 'Jewish History,' first series.

Will anybody explain to the public which cares for Art, the meaning of this riot among the sculptors? What has Mr. Sharpe done that he should have been expelled from the Society of his brethren? Why are Messrs. Stephens, Weekes and Co. so vindictive in the case of a fellow artist? Is it true that Mr. Westmacott and Baron Marochetti, honestly indignant at the course pursued towards Mr. Sharpe, have withdrawn from all connexion with the body? We do not like to repeat the current stories, but it is greatly to be feared that a clannish and intolerant spirit has somehow crept into the councils of a body of gentlemen who might be

expected to set an example of courtesy and good-will.

An authority on Mint matters writes in reference to the subject of Mint Marks:—"A Correspondent in a late number of the *Athenæum* makes some just observations on the interest which the Mint marks observed on old gold coins, and which indicate the local source of the gold, give to the coins in the eyes of collectors; and he expresses a wish to see the practice revived in our present coinage, particularly with reference to sovereigns coined from the gold now collected in Wales. Unfortunately, the operations of the bullion trade are no longer compatible with the old practice of marking coin. The gold ingots as they come from the mines generally go first to the London refiner, by whom gold of all sources is dissolved together, for the purpose of extracting a small proportion of silver it contains; and the identity of the metal is thus entirely lost. The gold bars which circulate in commerce and finally reach the Mint are only distinguished by the trade-marks of the refiner or last melter, and present no means whatever of tracing their origin. Z."—The fact may be regretted by an antiquary and medalist; but there is no escape from it, so far as we can see.

In the accounts of a musical trifle at the St. James's Theatre, 'The Baronet Abroad,' brought forward to give an opportunity to Miss Constance Roden, it seems forgotten that such story as there is belongs to the tale of the Palais Royal gambling-house with its murderous bed, which is to be found in Mr. Wilkie Collins's 'After Dark.' The disregard of literary good faith in these matters is spreading: owing, doubtless, to the profit and reputation which the minor authors have seen made out of the unblushing and wholesale appropriations ventured on with impunity by men of mark. It becomes doubly needful, therefore, for those who keep account of what passes to notice every case of "borrowing" which presents itself.

Messrs. Tinsley Brothers are about to publish 'The Basin of the Nile; being an Inquiry into the Sources of the Nile,' by Captain R. F. Burton,—"General Todleben's Narrative of the Defence of Sebastopol, in 1854—5: a Review," by W. H. Russell,—Mr. Sala's 'Diary in America in the Midst of War,'—"Sport in North America," by M. Revoile and James Lowe,—"Mornings of the Recess in 1861—4," reprinted from the *Times*,—"The Life of George the Third, from Published and Unpublished Sources," by J. Heneage Jesse, and 'The Life of Masaniello, the Italian Patriot,' by Mrs. Horace St. John.

Messrs. Bell & Daldy have purchased Mr. Bohn's Standard and Historical Libraries, to which large collection they have just added Southey's 'Life of Wesley,' and are about to add Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England,' in six volumes.

Death has removed from amongst us during the current week two men of note, in their own departments, in the persons of Hudson Gurney and J. R. M'Culloch. Mr. Gurney was a member of the Norfolk family of Quakers and brewers: a learned and philanthropic, as well as an ancient and wealthy line of people. His wife was one of the Barclays of Ury, a descendant of Robert Barclay of 'Apology' reputation. He was a collector of books and pictures, a Fellow of many Societies, and a trifler in literature. A little poem from his pen, long since forgotten, called 'Cupid and Psyche,' was based on 'The Golden Ass.'—Mr. M'Culloch, the son of a Wigtonshire farmer, was a journalist from an early age, a writer on economical questions, a professor for a short time at University College, a compiler of Blue Books, and an efficient public servant in the Stationery Office. The main labours perhaps of his life were the production of a 'Dictionary of Commerce and Navigation,' a 'Dictionary of Geography,' and a 'Statistical Account of the British Empire.' Besides his salary of 1,000*l.* a year in the Stationery Office, Mr. M'Culloch enjoyed a pension of 200*l.* a year from the Civil List, granted to him by Sir Robert Peel for literary service. Sir Robert Peel, it may be remembered, held a different theory as to the proper application of the Civil List Pension

from that of Lord Palmerston: and he bestowed the pension to reward public service, not to alleviate private distress.

There is no need to add words of our own to the following note:—

"British Museum, Nov. 16, 1864.

"In your last week's impression you called attention to the error of continuing 'the old story' of Australia having been first discovered by the Dutch in 1606, an error which occurs in Milner's 'Gallery of Geography,' now being published by Messrs. Chambers. Equally to be avoided are inaccuracies in the statement of 'the new story,' as they are exceedingly likely to be copied, and the more so as the 'Early Voyages to Terra Australis,' being printed for the Hakluyt Society, and the 'Discovery of Australia by the Portuguese in 1601,' being printed in the 'Archæologia,' are in the hands of comparatively few. Such inaccuracies occur in a folio Australian Atlas by F. Proeschel, entered at Stationers' Hall, 1863, at the beginning of which is an 'Outline of the Principal Maritime Discoveries concerning Australasia,' and in the 'Preliminary Observations' attention is drawn by italics to the statement that 'it would appear from Marco Polo's indications that the Chinese had, long before the Portuguese and Dutch, some knowledge of a Great Southern Land.' I have taken pains, in my 'Early Voyages to Terra Australis,' to show not only that those conclusions were based upon blunders, but also how those blunders had originated. I pass as trivial the inappropriate use of the distinguished name of Captain Flinders with and after mine, in the words 'Messrs. Major and Flinders think,' as if I had held personal communion with one who died four years before I was born, and, as it happens, upon a point in which the negative part only of the so-called thought was advanced by Flinders, and the more positive by myself. But what I would especially wish to correct is the mis-spelling of 'Nuca' instead of 'Nuca' Antara, the name of the north-west coast of Australia, discovered in 1601 by the Portuguese explorer, Manoel Godinho de Eredia, and also the mis-spelling of that discoverer's name as Evedia. The name of the great navigator De Quirós is misspelt De Guiros and De Giuros. The adjective 'Australis' is separated from its substantive 'Terra,' and used several times as if it had been the special name of Australia in olden times, instead of 'Terra Australis,' a general name for the Great Southern Land whose coasts were as yet imperfectly explored.

"Yours, &c., R. H. MAJOR."

A Paris correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* writes.—"One of these days an auction will be held of the property of the late M. Vattemare, which will draw, no doubt, a great many collectors of autographs and other curiosities to the Hôtel des Ventes. M. Vattemare was a remarkable person, who, some thirty or forty years ago, furnished the press with material for numerous interesting paragraphs. Many of our readers may remember him, under the name of Alexandre, performing as ventriloquist in the principal cities of Europe, and exciting the admiration, not only of the masses, but of the most distinguished men in art, literature and science. The course of his life was a very curious one. When a young man he entered the French army as surgeon, and fell into a Prussian prison after the overthrow of Napoleon. He lived several years at Berlin, where his agreeable person, his amiable, gentle temper, and his rare social talents, attracted much attention, and opened the doors for him to the highest circles. His extraordinary talent for imitating different voices, and to accompany them with appropriate gesticulation, won him so great a reputation, that his friends advised him, and he resolved accordingly, to make a living by it, particularly as a very honourable feeling forbade him to take service in the Prussian army, or to offer his services to the Restoration. Thus he began his career, visiting all the larger theatres in Europe, performing alone all the parts in the plays which had expressly been written for him. In the same play he acted as peasant, officer, fruitseller, coachman, student, cobbler, drunkard,—in short, in the most heterogeneous parts. Leaving the stage at one

moment as a postillion, he entered it in the next as a young, bashful maiden. In England he acted forty different parts in one evening. We see such things frequently now-a-days without being astonished; but at that time the spectators thought nothing much short of sorcery could enable him to change his costumes and to adapt himself to another part at such miraculously short notice. He almost invariably performed in public on the stage; in a very few instances only could he be induced to show his skill before private circles in the palaces of princes. Once Prince Metternich asked him to act at his palace. Vattemare had, as usual, a thousand excuses; but the Prince insisting, he at last consented, upon the condition that, after the beginning of the performance, no one, whoever it was, should be admitted into the saloon. The Prince accepted the condition, and gave orders to the servants accordingly. At the time appointed, Vattemare begins his performance before an audience consisting of the cream of the Vienna aristocracy, who listened in profoundest silence to the clever performer, when all at once a dispute is heard on the staircase between a guest who will absolutely enter the apartment and the servant who denies admittance, according to the orders he has received. The controversy becomes more and more lively; and the guest, whose voice is soon recognized as that of a well-known member of the diplomatic corps, expresses his displeasure in terms by no means complimentary. In the mean time Vattemare has stopped in his performance, glancing reproachfully at Prince Metternich, who, remembering his promise, despatches some servants with the order to make peace between the disputants. The servants, however, soon return with the assurance that neither in the corridor nor on the staircase had any one been engaged in a dispute. The company perceive now that the quarrel has taken place in Vattemare's throat, and are highly amused. One of his great admirers was Sir Walter Scott, whom he visited at Abbotsford, in 1824, and who addressed him in a clever poem. Old Blumenbach was a warm friend of his. Goethe became fond of him, and gave him a gracious letter of recommendation, which is still to be found among his papers. Princes and princesses liked him, and admitted him frequently to their presence. One of his principles was, to take no money presents; consequently he received, as marks of favour, rare autographs and drawings, which in the course of time have swelled to a considerable collection. He was not without higher aspirations, and liked to act as medium of international exchanges in mental productions; he tried to bring about, what railways and other inventions are doing now, that every country should know and possess all the important productions in science and literature of other countries. He pursued the same object in the United States of America, where he spent many years, enjoying the favour of the best men. For many years past, Vattemare has lived retired and quietly at Paris, solely in the intercourse with some friends, for whose benefit he sometimes recalled the adventures of his life, speaking of Goethe, Tieck, Alexandre von Humboldt, Schleiermacher, and other literary notabilities, with grateful remembrance. As to his collection, it is not now what it used to be, for his good nature has often been abused. He could not refuse easily, and this generous disposition was well known by collectors, who did not spare his treasures; yet so abundant were these, that much is left worthy of attention."

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES, by Living British Artists, IS NOW OPEN, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

MR. MORBY'S COLLECTION of MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange Fine Arts Gallery, 34, Cornhill. This Collection contains examples of Philip, R.A.—Roberts, R.A.—Goodall, R.A.—Cooke, R.A.—Ward, R.A.—Morgan, R.A.—Pritchett, R.A.—Dale, R.A.—Cooper, R.A.—Leighton, R.A.—Caledon, R.A.—Lamb, R.A.—Ansdell, R.A.—Linnell, sen.—P. Nasmyth—Holman Hunt—Gale—Duffield—Miss Mutrie—Baxter—Meissonier—Gérôme—Galaté—Willems—Frère—Auguste Bonheur, &c.—Admission on presentation of address card.

SCIENCE

Ootheca Wolleyana: an Illustrated Catalogue of the Collection of Birds' Eggs formed by the late John Wolley, Jun. Edited from the Original Notes by Alfred Newton. Part I. Accipitres. (Van Voorst.)

Few young naturalists have left behind them a higher character for zeal, intelligence and thorough truthfulness than John Wolley. He was essentially an independent worker,—investigating nature with an ardent and simple love of truth, and with a freedom and *abandon* which has never been surpassed. Luxuriating in adventure, and utterly fearless of danger in the pursuit of his favourite object, it is not surprising that the study of birds in their native wildness and their least accessible haunts—the rock and the mountain, the forest and the fell—should have had an irresistible charm for him, and that the discovery of their nesting-places and the collection of their eggs, demanding the exercise of all the qualities which we have attributed to him, should have become his passion. The result was the acquisition of a collection probably unmatched in combined rareness and authenticity, which by singular good fortune passed at his death, and by his own desire, into the hands of his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Alfred Newton, a naturalist of congenial spirit, and a worthy recipient of so valuable a legacy. To his liberality and thorough knowledge of the subject we are indebted for the publication of the contents of the collection and of the very interesting notes of the collector himself, the first instalment of which is now before us. It consists, professedly, of Mr. Wolley's own memoranda, arranged by the editor, whose own numerous and original notes add greatly to its value. "Mr. Wolley's life," says Mr. Newton, "had been one of so active a nature, and his death was, until a few weeks before it took place, so entirely unexpected, that he had but few opportunities of making known to the world the results of his labours. To prevent these results from being lost to science was my main object; and it appeared to me that this would be effectually attained by the compilation of a catalogue such as the present, which should embrace as far as possible all the information he had gathered, whether extracted from letters addressed to his friends, from fragmentary diaries, or from detached memorandums, as well as that which was contained in his 'Egg-Book,'—this latter being the principal record of his experience, and having been, with some few exceptions, most carefully kept for many years."

It is not, however, to be concluded that this modest announcement gives a commensurate notion of the whole scope of the work. The most interesting portion of it to the general reader consists in the stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes which befall the naturalist in his pursuit, and the vivid descriptions of the wild life of the birds whose haunts he was invading. In many instances the notes on the individual eggs catalogued are extremely interesting, describing the scene where each was obtained, and the circumstances, often not a little perilous and exciting, by which its capture was accompanied. We believe that the length of the following quotation will be forgiven for the sake of its romantic interest. The object of the adventure is the osprey's nest, and the scene in Sutherlandshire:—

"Now the forester, having carefully extinguished the fire at which I had been warming my golden eaglets, marched for a loch where he said the 'fishing gled' always built. ** The forester pointed out the wrong rock; but with the glass I readily distinguished on another, of a conical shape, the

nest, a round point which to flight kind of I was and com mount, in and of another string on the assista it in fr by a s cold minded way ti which cold, the fir being, how a me, I they v back. Howe tying strikin sunk the st I read h a appea a wa claws to an had l reach once a litt my s little one r ever, desce go, a twelv nest large stick the u being the s so as not a strik easy hand of s whi min water comi surfa the b just they whit and thin my i he long suffi ears dual they rock was the for Wh lati dro

nest, and the head of the bird upon it. After a round of a mile or two we reached the nearest point to it. I saw the white head of the bird, which almost immediately stood up, and then took to flight. It made a turn and uttered a musical kind of cry. The forester was sure it had eggs. I was thinly clad, and had been alternately hot and cold during the day, in the valley or on the mountain; but I was determined to swim to the nest, in spite of the remonstrances of the forester and of my men, none of whom could do so. Luckily, another of them arrived in time for me to use the string as I intended; I immediately stripped, put on the belt, which turned out a very inefficient assistance, and tied the string to the little nozzle of it in front, Lord Derby's little basket being fastened by a string behind me. After the first dip, it was so cold that I all but came out again. But I determined not to recede; so on I went, making good way till I came to the first ridge of rocks, some of which were under water. By this time I was very cold, and becoming exhausted. Just as I reached the first rock under water, the string was checked, being, as I supposed, come to an end. Knowing how a second plunge after being on land would chill me, I almost turned to swim back; for I feared they would let go the string rather than pull me back, when it would have been all up with me. However, to my great satisfaction, I saw them tying the thin rope to the end of the string. Then striking off again, after floundering amongst the sunk rocks, to the leeward of which for the sake of the string I resolved to keep as much as possible, I reached the peak. It was nearly perpendicular both above and below water, and no landing-place appeared. However, a bit of rock twice as big as a walnut projected; and higher up I stuck my claws into some roots of Polypodium, as in getting to an eagle's nest on a former occasion. My arms had hardly strength to hoist me up, but at last I reached the top and caught the cutting wind. At once I saw an egg, and in half a second two more, a little removed from the first—all beautiful. To my surprise the basket held all three. I had a little difficulty in tying the lid on, and even then one rolled out; the handle too became loose. However, for my life I durst not lose time. I tried to descend with my back to the rock, but it was no go, and I fell into the water. The peak might be twelve or fourteen feet high. One glance at the nest was all I could spare. It reminded me of a large wood-ant's, large and flat at the top, the sticks not nearly so big as those of an eagle's, but the upper part very compact, where it struck me as being composed entirely of moss—the interstices of the sticks seeming to be filled up with soil or turf, so as to make an almost solid mass. But I could not afford a second look. In tumbling off I did not strike against any sunk rock, so that my fall was easy. Somehow (I cannot exactly say how) the handle was quite off the basket, and my only way of saving it was by carrying it in my closed fist, which very much increased the difficulty of swimming. As soon as the men saw me fall into the water, they hauled hard upon the string; and I, coming across a sunk rock, disappeared beneath the surface. This frightened them, and they hauled the harder. As soon as I came to the top, I had just breath enough to shout 'Gently!' But on they dragged; and the wind blowing the water into white streaks of foam the waves washed over me, and the quantity of water I swallowed was something considerable. The pulling almost prevented my swimming, and as the string was fastened low it helped me very little through the water; I had long been afraid of its breaking, till at last I got sufficient breath to throw my 'Gently!' to their ears. Fortunately they took the hint and I gradually reached the shore quite exhausted, when they found me all scratched and bloody from the rocks. They had not guessed my condition until I was very near them, and they did not understand the danger of hauling too hard. All I could say for some time was, 'worse than an eagle's nest.' When they had dressed me and taken the eggs out of my hand, I started running to recover my circulation, but my legs were insensible, and I soon dropped in the long heather. Fortunately I saw the forester passing near me and gave him a hail,

The others came up and held me on each side. They got me across several streams, and at length into a good road a few hundred yards from the house where we were expected. Here, with the assistance of a good fire and three or four tumblers of toddy, I was soon all right."

Is it not too probable that such escapades as this, for it is by no means the only one recorded of nearly equal peril and exposure, may have hastened the close of the career of this adventurous naturalist?

The following statistics of eagle population will, we think, be novel and surprising to most of our readers. Speaking of the finest of the family, the golden, or mountain eagle:—

"In Norway it is common, and, with the sea eagle, is so numerous, that from a statistical account of the sums paid each year by the government for the destruction of beasts and birds of prey, it appears that, in the five years ending December, 1850, there were paid for altogether no less than 10,715 eagles! The Sutherlandshire expedition of naturalists mention the number of eagles that had been paid for between March, 1831, and March, 1834, to have been 171, besides 53 nestlings or eggs. * * In the south-west of that country a clever gamekeeper trapped 15 eagles in three months of 1847, and about as many in the winter of 1850-1, almost all of them being Mountain eagles."

Of the extent and value of the collection itself some idea may be formed from the fact that it contains of the eggs of the golden eagle 38 specimens, of the gyr-falcon 81, and in those of other species a corresponding richness, and this independent of Mr. Newton's own collection.

The illustrations are of two kinds. First, there are nine plates, consisting of beautifully executed coloured figures of the eggs, and, secondly, the same number of landscapes, illustrating, for the most part, the situations in which the nests were found. In praise of the former too much cannot be said; they are, without exception, the best figures of birds' eggs we have ever seen, and they strikingly illustrate the necessity, in many cases, of examining a large number of the eggs of a species, without which it would be impossible to identify the different specimens, even taken from the same nest, as belonging to one and the same species. Thus there are twelve figures of the eggs of the golden eagle, twelve of the rough-legged buzzard, and six of the gyr-falcon, and not one of them superfluous, so diverse are they, not only in colour and marking, but even in form. The other set of illustrations, with the exception of two by Wolf and one by Mr. Wolley himself, are from the pencil of the editor, and are very interesting as well as artistic, but the lithography is not worthy of the drawing.

From the style in which the work is "got up," and the expensive character of the illustrations, it can scarcely fall within the reach of a large number of practical naturalists; but we are confident that no ornithologist whose means will justify its purchase, and no public library of natural history, will long be without it.

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Nov. 14.—Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, President, in the chair.—The President opened the business with a brief address.—Capt. R. F. Burton read paper 'On Lake Tanganyika, Ptolemy's Western Lake-reservoir of the Nile.' He commenced by acknowledging his recognition of the many noble qualities of Capt. Speke; his courage, energy, and perseverance. But he could not accept his "settlement" of the Nile. There were five objections to deriving the true Nile from the supposed Victoria Nyanza: 1, the difference of the levels in the upper and lower part of the lake; 2, the Mwerango River rising from the hills in the middle of the lake;

3, the road through the lake; 4, the inundation of the southern part of the lake for 13 miles, when the low northern shore is never flooded; 5, the swelling of the lake during the dry periods of the Nile, and *vice versa*. It might, however, be observed that, whilst refusing to accept the present settlement of the great problem, he is nowise proposed to settle the question: this must be left to time.

GEOLoGICAL.—Nov. 9.—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.—F. Braby, Esq. was elected a Fellow.—The following communications were read:—'Notes on the Geology of Jamaica; with descriptions of new Species of Cretaceous, Eocene, and Miocene Corals,' by Mr. P. M. Duncan and Mr. G. P. Wall.—'On the Correlation of the Irish Cretaceous Strata,' by Mr. R. Tate.—'On the Recent Earthquake at St. Helena,' by Sir C. Elliot.

STATISTICAL.—Nov. 15.—Col. W. H. Sykes, President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows:—W. S. Jeavons, M.A., and G. P. Ivey.—The paper read was, 'On the Commercial Progress of the Colonies,' by Mr. E. T. Blakely.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 8.—Prof. T. H. Huxley in the chair.—The Secretary announced to the meeting the Head Keeper's safe return from Calcutta in July last, with a valuable collection of animals, brought together for the Society by the Baboo Rajendra Mullick, Mr. A. Grote, Dr. J. Squire, and Mr. W. Dunn, amongst which were a pair of Rhinoceroses and several species of Birds new to the collection.—The Secretary exhibited a collection of Birds' Eggs made in India and presented to the Society by Lieut. R. C. Beavan.—Mr. Gould exhibited a specimen of the *Emberiza pusilla* of Pallas.—The Rev. H. B. Tristram exhibited a pair of Sandpipers from Grimsey Island, Iceland.—Prof. Huxley read a memoir 'On the Structure of the Skull of Man, the Gorilla, the Chimpanzee, and the Orang-Utan, during the period of the First Dentition'.—The Rev. H. B. Tristram read a Report 'On the Birds collected during his recent Expedition in Palestine'. Mr. Tristram enumerated 322 species as having been ascertained to occur in that country, of which twenty-seven, so far as our present knowledge extended, were peculiar to Palestine, and the districts immediately adjacent. Nine of these were now described for the first time, and several others had not before been brought to England.—Mr. W. H. Flower read some 'Notes on the Skeletons of the *Balaenidae*, as observed by him during a recent visit to the principal Museums of Holland and Belgium.'—Mr. A. Newton read a paper entitled 'Notes on the Zoology of Spitzbergen,' made during a recent visit to that country.—A Report was read by Dr. Günther 'On the Reptiles and Fishes collected during Mr. Tristram's recent Expedition to Palestine.' Dr. Günther described three new Batracians from Western Africa.—Four papers were read by Dr. Gray. The first of these was entitled 'Notes on a Revision of the Specimens of Viverrine Animals in the collection of the British Museum, with descriptions of some new Genera and Species,' by which it appeared that about 102 species of this family were known to science, of which upwards of eighty were represented in the British Museum. Dr. Gray's second paper was a notice of a new variety of Galago from Quillimane, proposed to be called *Otagale crassicardata*, var. *Kirkii*. The third was a note on the Clawed Toads (*Dactylocephala*) of Africa; and the fourth a general revision of the genera and species of the Lizards of the family *Chameleoniidae*.—Mr. Slater pointed out the characters of a new Duck from Madagascar, proposed to be called after its discoverer, Dr. Meller, *Anas Melleri*.—A paper was read, by Mr. E. Blyth, entitled 'Notes on sundry Mammalia'.—Mr. O. Salvin characterized twenty-two new species of Birds lately received from Costa Rica, amongst which was a new form of the family Cotingidae, proposed to be called *Carpodectes nitidus*.—A communication was read, from Dr. J. C. Cox, of Sydney, New South Wales, describing

two new species of Land Shells, proposed to be called *Helix Mackleayi* and *Succinea eucalypti*.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Nov. 7.—F. P. Pascoe, Esq., President, in the chair.—Prior to the scientific business of the Meeting, a handsome silver vase was presented by the President, on behalf of numerous members of the Society, to W. W. Saunders, Esq., in acknowledgment of the generous aid which, for years, he has bestowed upon everything tending to advance and diffuse the science of entomology, and in recognition of his unvarying kindness and constant liberality in support of the Society.—Mr. Janson exhibited *Ceuthorhynchidæus Powers*, *Sixus filiformis*, *Sybines canus*, and *Peritelus griseus*, four species of beetles captured in England during the present year, and not previously recorded as British.—Mr. F. Smith exhibited specimens of the *Bombus pomorum* of Panzer, a species new to Britain.—Mr. E. Shepherd exhibited *Sesia spheciiformis*, bred from pupæ in the stems of alder-trees in Staffordshire.—Mr. W. W. Saunders exhibited some galls which he had recently found on the roots of an oak-tree, at a depth of four feet below the surface, and from which had since emerged a number of specimens of a Cynips (*C. aptera*),—the whole of which were females; also three other kinds of gall, which he had found in Switzerland, two of them upon species of willow, and the third formed on the leaves of the beech.—Mr. Stainton also exhibited a gall of a woolly texture found on an oak near Bath.—Mr. F. Smith read extracts of letters received from Mr. Stone, of Brighthampton, on diseases in wasps, and on the occurrence of extraordinarily large larvæ and pupæ of the parasitic beetle, *Ripiphorus paradoxus*, in queen-larva cells of *Vespa vulgaris*.—Mr. C. A. Wilson, of Adelaide, communicated some 'Notes on South-Australian Entomology'.—The Secretary read a translation of Dr. Icery's 'Mémoire sur le Pou à poche blanche,' a species of Coccus which has caused much damage in the sugar-plantations of the Mauritius.—Professor Westwood pointed out that the insect which Dr. Icery supposed to be the male of the Coccus was, in fact, a Coccophagus, a hymenopterous parasite upon, and destroyer of, the former.—Mr. J. S. Baly read a paper, entitled 'Descriptions of New Genera and Species of Phytophaga,' in which four new genera of beetles are established, and sixteen species described.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Asiatic, 8.—'Anatomy,' Prof. Partridge.
— Royal Academy, 8.—'Anatomy,' Prof. Partridge.
TUES. Ethnological, 8.—'Ethnology of Dahome,' Capt. Burton; 'Principles of Ethnology,' Mr. Pridgeaux.
— Civil Engineers, 8.—'Decay of Materials in Tropical Climates,' Great Grimsby Docks, Mr. Clark.
— Zoological, 9.—'Fauna and Dentition of the Lemuridae,' Mr. Mivart; 'Pantoporidae,' Dr. Carpenter.
WED. Society of Literature, 8.
— Society of Arts, 8.—'Iron for War and Naval Architecture,' Mr. Fairbairn.
— Geological, 8.—'Ornamental Remains, Laurentian Rocks of Quebec,' Mr. Murchison; 'Minerals of Same,' Mr. Sterry Hunt and Sir W. E. Logan; 'Structure of Same,' Dr. Dawson; 'Coal-measures of New South Wales,' Mr. Keene.
— British Archaeological Association, 8.—'Roman Intaglios found at Petriana, Great Wall of Hadrian,' Dr. Brushfield; 'Sepulchral Caskets, Leeds,' Mr. Pettigrew; 'Forged Antiquities in Bronze,' Mr. Syer Cuning.
THURS. Royal, 8.
— Antiquaries, 8.

FINE ARTS

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Messrs. Low & Co. republish that charmingly illustrated book *Child's Play*, which contains a series of old nursery rhymes, with designs by 'E. V. B.' (the Hon. Mrs. Boyle). The recent edition of this book differs from former editions in having the drawings tinted something after the manner in which the artist produced them. We cannot say that the tinting is successful, or that it adds a charm to the work. For example, 'Peep-Peep' is very unfortunate, being reduced to a blue and brown condition. 'Little Boy Blue' we are sorry to find rankly coloured. 'Lady Cow, Lady Cow,' has, perhaps, suffered less than others; but that beautiful illustration deserved better treatment than it has received. The designs themselves are, nevertheless, perfect pictures to nursery rhymes—they are as original, expressive, poetical and genial as they can possibly be. The picture of 'Pussy-Cat, Mew,' who, "in her best petticoat burnt a

great hole," is a model work. The two children who descend the steps, chanting 'My Lady's Daughter,' are exquisite. Beautiful is 'Here we Come a Piping,'—children marching by a garden wall. When we say that—

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells
And silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row—

has a group of the last-named ornaments of Mary's garden which would do honour to a great artist, and is exquisitely child-like, we have said all that need be said in honour of 'E. V. B.'

The same firm also publish Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*, Sir E. B. Lytton's translation, with illustrations drawn on wood by Mr. T. Scott, engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper, after designs by M. Retszsch. Thus the well-known etchings by the last-named artist have been translated into wood-engravings. Mr. Scott has executed his share of the work with considerable success. Convinced as we are that the style of execution adopted by the German artist was founded on a mistake, we cannot say we rejoice to see such works reproduced. The method chosen for these designs halts between that of an engraving which seeks for its effect in the rendering of light and shade, and that simpler one of outlining, which has nothing to do with light and shade, but relies solely upon beauty of form and severe gravity of treatment; M. Retszsch's works and a few more recent English productions, exemplifying one of these processes. The Egyptian manner of incising on metal and stone, the ineffably beautiful drawings of the Greeks on their vases, the like triumphs of Art on the vessels of Etruria and Magna Graecia, the pure outlines of all the great masters of the art of painting, and, lastly, but not least, the unsurpassable designs of Flaxman to Homer, Dante and Hesiod, display how nobly genius has dealt with pure form, and how these great practitioners have felt that grave and grand art could express itself fitly by the simplest and severest methods only. These true artists have known that to imitate the effect of light and shade by such puny means as that of thickening the lines on one side of a drawn figure, while those on the other side were left thin, and to stop there in the effort at imitation, was to destroy the grace of an outline proper, without attaining the results of an engraving, which deals fully and fairly with "effect" as part of its aim in Art. The practice in question is simply a trick, worthy of a young lady's drawing-master, but most unworthy of an artist. Having thus protested against the style of these examples, we may turn to the designs themselves, with regret that Mr. Scott has wasted his time upon so sentimental and common-place a set of subjects as these. The time, we trust, has long passed when these mawkish trivialities and mockeries of theatrical conventionalisms can pass current with educated observers as good in Art. Had a publisher taken it into his head to re-engage Boydell's 'Shakspeare,' we should have been less surprised than we were to meet Retszsch's poor "Outlines" again.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin continue to publish a series of illustrated books, and have just finished the issue of *Robinson Crusoe*. We have to criticize the illustrations to this book, and endeavour to discover their value in Art, and how far they fulfil the end of such works in elucidating, emphasizing, or suggesting thoughts which are not by the author made prominent in the text, but which—as design stands beside and, in some degree, separate from authorship—may well be dwelt upon by the artist who illustrates a book. With regard to the present subject, we will consider the last of these matters. It is with sincere regret that we observe nothing which can be called Art in the mass of the figure-illustrations to this new edition of 'Robinson Crusoe.' Figure-illustrations are so important a portion of all books of this class, and as, in the present case, the whole theme is one of human action and suffering, this deficiency is greatly to be regretted. Probably seven out of ten of the woodcuts before us have figures in them; but these figures rarely seem alive, rarely seem moved by spirit enough to give action to their limbs or expression to their faces, and character of the appropriate sort to both. Let us take, for

example, 'Crusoe makes a Little Tent with a Sail,' page 37. The poor man looks ill enough for the subject; but there is nothing whatever to mark him for the wrecked man on the "island at the mouth of the great river Oronoque." Worse than this, there is so little vitality in his action of knotting a rope about a spar that he can scarcely be said to be alive. This lack of power on the part of the artists to enter into the spirit of the subjects, without which they can never hope to move us, is observable throughout the book. Let us now speak of the Art-value of these drawings. The execution of the figures is on a par with their design: it is trite and tame. Much the same as the above may be said of the mass of the landscapes here: they are generally trivial and weak. Exceptions will be found in a few examples, as in 'The Pirates leaving the Island,' 'Crusoe's Farm at Bedford,' 'The Wreck,' 'Crusoe visits the Spanish Ship,' and, which is probably the best drawing of all, 'The Captain hung at the Yard-Arm.' In these sketches appears some of that dashing effectiveness which attracts the spectator to a good panoramic picture. An exception to our remarks on the figure-subject shows where the designer was moved a little more than ordinary by the nature of his subject: this is 'Priest and Negro-Woman,' page 297—here something like pathos appears. This quality is surely desirable in book-illustrations of the popular sort. We should like to see publishers of 'Robinson Crusoe' re-issue those curious appendages to the text which ought to be interesting to English lads, e.g., the 'Life of Alexander Selkirk,' and the 'History of Auto-mates,' by John Kirkby, which Gibbon commends. Those portions of 'A Cruising Voyage round the World,' by Captain Wordes Rogers—the very man who discovered Selkirk; Captain Edward Cook's 'Voyage'; Steele's contribution to *The Guardian*, No. 26; and others, might well reappear. The text before us appears to be complete: had it not been so, we should have protested against the common practice of mutilating British "classics." No book has so frequently suffered from this stupid trick as 'Robinson Crusoe.' Strange to say, a large proportion of our boys have not read 'Robinson Crusoe' as it was written.

Gossip from Bavaria.

Munich, Nov. 2, 1864.

King Ludwig has commissioned Prof. Pettenkofer to restore some of the pictures in the King's private collection. The same retired monarch has announced his intention of erecting a monument to Claude Lorraine at Harlaching, the village up the Isar which was honoured for some years by the painter's residence. Meanwhile, there have been one or two contentions with regard to the reigning King. A lawsuit between Albert, the photographer, and a lithographer who had pirated Albert's portrait of the King, has, strangely enough, been decided in favour of the pirate, because photography is not a branch of Art. A second dispute has been waged on the new coins in Munich, which make the young monarch of nineteen at least ten years older than he is, and are really more like his father than himself. It is evident that the engraver has not paid any attention to the face before him, but altered that of the former king to some similarity to that of the present; and a writer on the subject has the hardihood to defend the non-resemblance, on the ground that if the young king was represented as he is at present, ten years hence his coins would be too young. This is a remarkable theory and one which might justify any eccentricities in sculpture or portraiture. Enough to say, that by prophesying what a man will be ten years hence instead of giving him as he is now, you run the risk of never catching his likeness. The slight accident of his suffering beard or moustache to grow puts an end to the prospective fidelity of your picture, and then you have not even the satisfaction of declaring that it was like when it was taken.

It is always interesting to see a great painter returning to a subject with which his former efforts were connected, and this return has just been made by Piloty to his old subject of 'Wallenstein.' The story which has gained such imperishable interest from Schiller's grandest poem, and which Piloty

draws incidents of all the foreign are to be viewed. The extreme air of still have been Stein's pic the third, far Wallenstein declared holding it up to suffering to ride; two miles from taken from Old Pine infirm, re-ou on a front of same figure purple m familiar. impassible black hor for an in true to the dramatic Iago, the derer. He is as mu keeps his true serv is more, led to all for having Butler him after impasse to this c about his life he appears and we whole s passion, Nu The w keeping landscape horizon while th itself; the gate, an the gloo blood is cession; where t fit prelud himself which b his hear splintered the grav On the destroyed but unm work, from the Stein's d red on mule st vivid mi Three pictures inclu painting Italian and oth Return

has drawn upon twice already, furnishes no lack of incidents. All visitors to Munich are familiar with the first picture in the New Pinacothek, 'Semi discovering the Dead Body of Wallenstein,' and of all the historical pictures in that collection this is the one which has the greatest interest for foreign eyes. I am aware that great objections are to be made to it from a strictly critical point of view. The unfortunate coincidence with Delaroche, the extreme nicety of the disorder of the room, the air of still-life breathed over the climax of a tragedy, have been pointed out before. The second 'Wallenstein' picture I have only seen in photograph, but the third, which is just completed, is, to my thinking, far more telling than the first. It represents Wallenstein on his way to Eger. He is now a declared rebel, has announced his intention of holding the town against the Emperor and giving it up to Sweden. It is an historical fact that he was suffering from gout on his journey, and was too ill to ride; Piloty has placed him in a litter carried by two mules. The head of Wallenstein is different from that in the first picture; the present one is taken from Vandyck's drawing of his head in the Old Pinacothek, and represents him as old and infirm, resting his head on one hand while he looks out on a graveyard by the side of the road. Just in front of the litter rides Seni, the astrologer, the same figure as before, with the high-crowned hat, purple mantle and red beard with which we are familiar. Close behind is the murderer, Buttler, impassable and expressionless, mounted on a large black horse, and never losing sight of Wallenstein for an instant. There is something very fine and very true to the character in this view of Buttler. If any dramatic personage deserves to be ranked with Iago, though only a German Iago, it is this murderer. He has the same bluntness and frankness, is as much wrapped up in his soldierly exterior, keeps his countenance as well, and appears a true servant, when he is a spying enemy, and what is more, he is incited by the same motives. Iago is led to all his crimes by the mere desire of revenge for having been passed over in an appointment; Buttler is led to join Wallenstein first and betray him afterwards by the refusal of a title. The dark, impulsive figure given us by Piloty answers fully to this conception. There is not the least grimace about him, not a quiver of his eyelash or motion of his lip to imply that he is less true at heart than he appears on the surface. All this is terribly true, and we see to him in the very man whose whole soul is concentrated in that one burst of passion.

Nur von ihm trennen! Oh, er soll nicht leben!

The whole character of the picture is equally in keeping. The dark, wintry sky closing in over the landscape, the one ray of light lingering on the horizon; but the horizon they are leaving behind, while the clouds gather black and thick over Eger itself; the dark, frowning walls of Eger, the heavy gate, and the turrets along the wall, crowned by the gloomy mass of the Schloss, where the deed of blood is to begin; the sombre silence of the procession; above all, the graveyard in the foreground, where two men are digging an open grave, are a fit prelude to the closing tragedy. Wallenstein himself is impressed by the graveyard as an omen which his fatalist nature could not fail to lay to his heart; and Piloty has enforced the omen by the employment of appropriate mottoes. On the splintered and broken wall, parting the road from the graveyard, we read, "In media vita mors." On the iron gate, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death!" I am glad to have nothing but unmixed praise to bestow on this admirable work. The tone of the painting is equally free from the objections I have made both to Wallenstein's dead body and the Nero; and the bits of red on the soldiers' helmets and the head of the mule stand out at a little distance in the most vivid manner.

Three pupils of Piloty's have also produced some pictures that deserve a passing mention as exceedingly clever pieces in a dashing decorative style of painting. One is a Venetian piece, representing an Italian siesta, a concert given before a high prelate and other illustrious persons; the other is called a Return from the Chase, and is more a mixture of

many styles. The chief fault to be found in these pictures is certainly not a usual fault of Munich painters. The last people copied in modern Munich are the Venetians; and though one cannot praise as original a picture which is transplanted almost bodily from Giorgione, it is at all events something to find a Munich painter who will condescend to copy Giorgione. Moreover, it is to be hoped that even when the figures and ideas have gone, the colouring will remain. I mean that when the young painter essays to give his own ideas and to take figures from life, he will not forget the use of the colour he has learnt so admirably. Kaulbach has just completed the Goethe Gallery with one of the best drawings in the series. It represents the first meeting of Hermann and Dorothea, or, more properly, Hermann's first glimpse of Dorothea. She is walking by the side of the wagon, with a long staff in her hand, and both the young people stop to look at each other as Hermann appears out of the shrubs on the other side of the road. The whole scene is perhaps one of the most poetical in the whole gallery, and forms a worthy conclusion. I am sorry I cannot say the same for the beginning of the Schiller Gallery, the just published drawing of the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, in Schiller's 'Mary Stuart.' The scene is so familiar as an effect on the stage that it is unfortunately chosen by the artist, for it gives him little power of independent treatment. Even then it was hardly necessary to make the characters so excessively stagey. Mary herself is a purely theatrical heroine, and it is a decided question if she is not ranting. Elizabeth is still more theatrical in another way—the unpleasant maiden aunt put in a tragic part, and forgetting her dignity at the critical moment; while the two courtiers behind Elizabeth are a high class of walking gentlemen.

E. W.

FINE-ART Gossip.—Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond Street, has published a portrait entitled "The Queen, 1864." This was painted by M. Graeffe and engraved by Mr. W. Holl. It has a general, but very sentimental, resemblance to the Princess Alice, as she might appear with a widow's cap. Its "flattery" is of the coarsest kind.

At Mr. Morby's picture gallery, Cornhill, may be seen several interesting and excellent pictures; among these are some by Messrs. E. Frère, F. Leighton, C. Stanfield, and Gérôme. A small work, by Mr. Holman Hunt, which is in this gallery, has not been before exhibited.

Among the recent acquisitions to the South Kensington Museum is a cast from the altar-frontal, in gold, of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, as restored. The frame of the panels was taken from the great *chasse* at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is, probably, of more recent date than the panels: it bears jewels inserted in its front. The subjects of the panels are: 1, the Entry to Jerusalem; 2, the Last Supper; 3, the Delivery of the Keys to Peter; 4, Christ Sleeping on the Mount of Olives; 5, the Betrayal; 6, the Flagellation; 7, the Crowning with Thorns; 8, Christ led to Crucifixion; 9, the Crucifixion; 10, the Resurrection. "In the centre of the whole is Christ enthroned, inclosed by the mandorla": figures of St. Mary and St. Michael are on either side of the last.

In the North Court of the South Kensington Museum may be found a cast from a considerable portion of no less important a work of antiquity than Trajan's Column. This portion comprises four turns of the spiral band of sculptures, and presents the means of study of an inestimable kind to the untravelled visitor. Even to those who have seen the original this addition to the collection will have great interest, not only on account of its position near the eye, but because the whiteness of the cast displays the sculptures perfectly.

Mr. Poynter has undertaken to execute figures of Phidias and Apelles, to be placed in the arcade above the cloisters in the Loan Court of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. S. Hart will produce a representation of Maestro Giorgio, Mr. Bowler one of Jean Goujon, and Mr. W. B. Scott one of Peter Vischer; for the same series. Messrs. Harland & Fisher are to execute one of the first-named figures in mosaic, with a gold ground.

M. Viollet le Duc is engaged, by command of

the Empress of the French, in thoroughly restoring the famous Castle of Pierrefonds, so as to reproduce all its ancient features, the high-pointed roofs, turrets, pinnacles, galleries supported on brackets outside the walls, &c. The restored edifice will be occupied as a hunting-seat.

Pennon Priory, in the north-east of Anglesea, near Beaumaris, deserves greater attention than the guide-books give to it. The church has been admirably restored from the remains of a religious (Augustinian) establishment, the seat of which was originally on Inys Seriol, or Priest Holme, now styled Puffin Island, about two miles from Pennon. The tower of the church on Inys Seriol still remains a sea-beacon, otherwise the place is deserted, except by rats, sheep and countless rabbits. Pennon Church is, in its ancient portion, a Romanesque structure, cruciform in plan, with a central tower terminated by a short pyramid, and having, in each of the faces a coupled tower-light of Norman character. Fragments of ancient effigies are built into the walls; over the south door is a tympan bearing the Lamb, inclosed by interlaced and basket-work mouldings; on the archivolt are very simple and bold torus, cavello and billet mouldings. The interior of the ancient part, which now serves for the nave, or vestibule, the chancel only being used for prayers, is extremely picturesque and solemn, although on a small scale; the western arch of the cross is richly, but rudely sculptured with zigzags and other early mouldings; this arch springs from clustered shafts, the caps of which have grotesque faces carved, by mere lines, and with very little modelling, upon them. The south transept has a fine Romanesque wall-arcade on two of its sides; some of the shafts thereof are banded in zigzags: its arches are moulded in the same manner. The font is ancient, pyramidal in form; its sides are carved rudely with interlaced, key-fret, basket, and other ornaments. Attached to the church is an old house, once probably the residence of the Prior, of the original work of this house little now remains; beyond it are the remains of what might have been the refectory, roofless now, and draped with the densest ivy. A curious dovecote, dating about the time of Henry the Eighth, stands but a short distance from the church; this is square in plan, has a four-sided, domical roof, and a lantern which is octangular. Within the columbaria rise in twenty stages, one above the other, and cover the entire surface of the walls; in the centre stands the rough shaft or pillar bearing the spirally-arranged steps by means of which access was gained to the nests.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The high opinion here expressed of some of the music of Mr. Sullivan's 'Kenilworth,' when the Masque was produced at Birmingham, may be referred to, on the occasion of its second performance, this day week, at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert.—Miss Banks taking the soprano part, in place of Madame Sherrington. The other singers were (as before) Messrs. Cummings and Santley,—and Miss Emma Heywood. Few better second works by a composer who has made such a hit with his first one, as did Mr. Sullivan, could be named: it being notoriously easier to surprise a public, than to fulfil expectations once raised. That 'Kenilworth' will gain on being heard again and again, we are satisfied: and are no less thoroughly convinced that the delicious spirit of the moonlight scene, from 'The Merchant of Venice' could not have been more perfectly caught by any composer before the public. This last is high praise, but not by a particle more than is merited. The orchestra, under the conduct of Herr Manns, was excellent in performance and accompaniment: the chorus was less sure. The other instrumental pieces in Saturday's programme were Mr. Macfarren's prelude to 'Helvellyn,' and Mendelssohn's 'Meeresstille' Overture. To-day Herr Manns intends to produce Schumann's First Symphony.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Taste and wisdom assurredly have not much to say in the ordering of certain home dramatic affairs;—were it otherwise, 'La Traviata,' Signor Verdi's setting of the story of

the consumptive Woman of Pleasure, would not have been thought of for opera in English, under any circumstances. The pastoral care of the manager who first produced the work for Mlle. Piccolomini, with a view, it was professed by his sworn advocates, of walking in the steps of Mrs. Ellis, and administering salutary moral warnings to "the daughters of England," has hardly penetrated our masses:—and thus, as we have elsewhere pointed out, the sermon on disorder and disease has to be introduced under its foreign title. Mr. Harrison has, in more than one circumstance, acted as though, influenced by sanitary misgivings, he had desired to discharge as much of the poison from the insidious tales as possible. We had to speak seven days ago of original words for music. Let us look for a second at these translated ones, contenting ourselves with a quotation of two lines: the burthen of the carnival chorus, at the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*:

Make way, make way, and sound the tocsin
For the glorious Prince of Oxen.

We have long borne in merry memory, Mr. Bunn's words to the chorus in 'The Bronze Horse,'

Ring the bell of the great Pagoda.

But that bell is beaten hollow by this tocsin!—And yet there are sincere and cultivated lovers of Art, who with couples like these staring them in the face by dozens on dozens, pathetically reproach society for the scanty patronage it bestows on opera in English.

If considered in a second point of view, 'La Traviata' might have been cast at Her Majesty's Theatre with the considerate purpose of disenchanting the public. The heroine—who can move silly people to pity, when her reckless gaieties and lingering death are presented by a girl such as was Mlle. Piccolomini,—becomes unacceptable, to make the best of it, if she be represented by one from whom youth has passed, thereby having entered into the catalogue of "old offenders." A girlish *Lady Macbeth* is ridiculous; a mature *Lady of the Camellias* stands but a poor chance of being forgiven. The effect of this sensual opera (and herein lies one of its corruptions) must largely depend on the eye. Mr. Harrison's solicitude for the morals of the rising generation, shown in his disregard of this condition of success, has told with unkind force on the first impression made by the new *Violetta*. There is no disguising the fact, that Madame Kenneth is past her prime. Youth has gone from her; but her voice is still agreeable in quality and extensive in compass. She has studied in a good school; her delivery of tone is at once open and refined; her execution is to be admired for its accent, its volubility and its finish. Madame Kenneth deserves, too, high praise for her neat and articulate pronunciation of the wonderful words allotted her: in this a lesson to many singers far more practised on the English stage, who, be the words better or worse, content themselves with the vowels, and leave the consonants to be understood. Her acting, though pulmonary to a degree at variance with her figure, is intelligent. She is deservedly well received, with every bad chance, we must say, against her. Mr. Swift sings well in this opera; though, like the lady, under no common disability. His takes the shape of a costume which might have hung on hand in some French Rag Fair. A dressy lover presented in a patched cloak, is a character hardly to be found in the most minor of our minor theatres. But Mr. Harrison carries the idea of mortification and old clothes through—so far as all his male *dramatis personæ* are concerned. The show is discreditably miserly, if even the intention of reading a lesson to "fast" young gentlemen and ladies desirous of prying into "Anonyma's" boudoir was uppermost in the managerial mind.—We are informed that 'Don Juan' is in rehearsal: the language in which the opera is to be sung is not mentioned. An operetta by Mr. Levey is to be given with the Pantomime.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—In the fewest words, we must express the intense relief which every one seemed to feel in the music of 'La Sonnambula' (hackneyed though it be), as following that melancholy mistake, 'Helvellyn.' The new *Amina*,

Mlle. Linas Martorelle, was rapturously received, and greeted with bouquets enough, in size and in number, to fill her dressing-room. She is singularly elegant in appearance; her voice has some sympathetic tones, as was to be heard in the chamber-scene; but it has been imperfectly cultivated. Her execution is ambitious and incorrect; and she is obviously ill at ease even in such simple concerted music as Bellini's, which sings itself. To judge from Wednesday's performance, hers can only be rated as an amateur talent,—on whichever side it be considered, standing in need of study and correction. This will seem to some a hard sentence, as comment on a reception which could not have been exceeded in demonstrative enthusiasm. Mr. Adams, as *Elvina*, exceeded every expectation. The part is a more advantageous one than *Masaniello*, and his voice is sufficient to all its requirements. It is always bright, and in passages sweet and expressive. Some touches of finish are yet to be added to his style; but there is little or nothing to correct. He speaks his words, too, as very few singing gentlemen on our stage either condescend or have learnt to do. His action is easy, earnest, and unaffected. A first-class career is before him in this country, if he prove as judicious in its management as he has already proved himself available. Meanwhile, past question, he has already "taken the town," and become one of the first objects of interest to those behind as well as those before the curtain.

The *Orchestra* states that Mr. Hatton's opera will be shortly produced at Covent Garden Theatre, together with Mr. Benedict's elegant operetta, 'The Bride of Song.' That gentleman's 'Esmeralda,' we are told, will, now, not be brought forward this season. We question whether it is composed. An opera by Mr. G. Osborne has been accepted and put in rehearsal. Mr. F. Clay's operetta, and the (shortened!) 'Médecin' of M. Gounod, are to be prepared so as to run with the Pantomime. Among these novelties, it is to be hoped, that one or more will content "the town." Meanwhile the management is unwise in advertising 'Helvellyn' as "a great success." A contemporary, who conceives that artists are neglected in England, appeals to the scanty curiosity excited by the production of this work, as a proof of the melancholy fact. We fancy that the disinclination of the public may be ascribed to its too-long-drawn experience of ill-considered stories told in absurd, if not ungrammatical language, and set to characterless music,—represented, nevertheless, as on the present occasion, to be "great successes." It must be considered, too, that follies and offences in musical drama come more intimately home to us, when the medium of expression is our "mother tongue" than when they are conveyed in a foreign language. To give an instance—what opera manager or dramatist would dare to translate the title of 'La Traviata'? What English lady would like to figure as heroine in the bills which announced 'The Social Evil,' or 'The Unfortunate Female'?

NEW ADELPHI.—Mr. Webster has revived once more the 'Colleen Bawn,' for the purpose, as it would appear, of introducing Mr. John Collins as the representative of *Myles-na-Coppaleen*. Mr. Collins introduces many songs into the part, among them 'I'd Mourn the Hopes that leave Me,' 'The Cruiskeen Lawn,' and 'The Boys of Kilkenny,' all of which were encored. *Eily O'Connor* was agreeably acted by Miss Henrietta Simms; while Miss Woolgar retained the character of *Ann Chute*. *Danny Mann* was supported by Mr. R. Phillips; Mr. and Mrs. Billington appearing in their old parts of *Hardress* and *Mrs. O'Regan*. Altogether, it was well played; but many of the mechanical effects were absent.

STRAND.—A young lady from the Liverpool Theatre Royal appeared last week as *Pauline*, in 'Delicate Ground,' and established her claims to a respectful attention. Her name is Miss Milly (Millicent) Palmer, and she possesses a fine person and a good voice. Her countenance, also, is capable of varied expression. This week a new piece has been produced for her, written by Mr. J. P. Wooler, and which, under the title of 'The

'Wilful Ward,' was provocative of much mirth, though the story and plot are exceedingly simple. The heroine has an objection to the lover provided by her guardian (Mr. Turner), nor does the young fop (Mr. Belford) offer any attractive points to justify the young lady in surrendering her will to the dictation of any authority whatever. Accordingly she coaxes and rails in turn, but so vainly that she perceives she must change her tactics. She proceeds, therefore, to exact, as a condition of her compliance, that her suitor should shave off his moustache. The result is as she had expected. The young fellow refuses, and resigns his pretensions. There is no doubt that Miss Palmer has a fund of humour, which will secure her popularity at this house.

ST. JAMES'S.—An operatic melo-drama by Mr. Lennox Horne, entitled 'The Baronet Abroad,' has been produced at this theatre with considerable effect. For the musical part Miss Roden has been engaged, and sings many snatches of song. She personates one *Suzette*, the daughter of an old musician of Normandy, who is compelled by his creditor to permit her to become the servant of a retired baronet, the tenant of a wicked smuggler, by whom he is in danger of being murdered. In this capacity, which by the way she much dislikes, she becomes the means of saving *Sir Fitful Green* (Mr. Frank Matthews) from the designs of *Loup Garou* (Mr. Johnstone). As the head of the bed in which the baronet lies descends to smother him, she removes the sleeper, and thus frustrates the intention of her nefarious employer. *Sir Fitful Green* is a "man who has not music in his soul," and is intolerant of Suzette perpetually singing in answer to all his questions; wherefore, in a great rage, he pronounces her dismissal. Fortunately for him, poor Suzette is not able to take him at his word; and, instructed by her lover, who has discovered the smuggler's secret, she stays to frustrate his deadly purpose. The little drama plays very well.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Society of Female Musicians will hold its annual concert this year on Tuesday evening, December 13.

Mr. Henry Smart's 'Bride of Dunkerron' is in preparation by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. 'Elijah' was given in Mr. Halle's third concert in Manchester. M. Gounod's 'Solemn Mass' will be performed there on the 1st of December.

Mr. Carter's series of Pianoforte Recitals, after the fashion of Mr. Halle's, given at the Westbourne Hall, reminds us how deeply musical taste is rooting itself in England; how the barriers betwixt season and "no season" are giving way; and, thirdly, how rapidly this metropolis of ours is spreading on every side.

The pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, the other evening, gave a concert, at which we perceive, from the programme, new compositions by the students were brought forward.

We are corrected in a misstatement, lately put forth here, to the effect that Herr David was arranging certain duett Sonatas, with violoncello, by Bach, for violin. These are not sonatas but solos, and the part for the pianoforte is to be added after the fashion of similar accompaniments by Mendelssohn and Herr Molique. What will the German purists say to such doings? They are not uncommon; another instance, which is less defensible, presenting itself in Herr von Bulow's new edition of Scarlatti's Lessons. In this he has not added an obbligato accompaniment, but used discretionary power to change some of the harmonies. The extent to which this is carried can be only ascertained by comparison with the old copies.

We fancy that our German contemporaries are making some confusion in speaking of Mlle. Adelina Patti, when the possessors of the mechanical *staccato altissimo* notes meant to be criticized is Mlle. Carlotta, her sister, the concert-singer. The latter lady does not present herself judiciously, supposing her to wish to rank among the artists—and not the vulgar wonders—of the hour. Advertisements of the entertainments in which she appears have been forwarded to us from Germany, set forth in a "Barnum" style, which is a novelty

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there, as applied to *virtuosi* of high pretension, and must be everywhere displeasing to persons of just taste. But her musical gymnastics, it appears, are received with frantic raptures.

The *Düsseldorfer Zeitung*, untouched by the amusing Prussian Anglophobia of the hour, gives a cordial welcome to the overture to 'King Lear' and the 'Queen Mab' Scherzo, by our excellent townsmen, Mr. Cusins, lately performed with success at a concert of the Instrumental Verein there.

We read of two novelties produced at the Symphonie Concerts of Berlin, directed by Herr Tauber,—a new overture to 'Romeo and Juliet,' by Herr Schlotmann (said to have been well received), and a new instrumental illustration of 'Faust,' by M. Rubinstein, which has been less warmly welcomed, described as "wanting in clearness, and displaying, with great monotony, an affectation of eccentricity in the harmonic effects." There is no composer before the public more disappointing in his inequalities than M. Rubinstein. Work after work by him is poured out, some better, some worse—none without traces of real talent and invention—yet none that promise to keep their ground by their completeness. It is a hopeless business for any one, however, to handle 'Faust' without words; and the disposition to attempt thefeat is a sign of the times, betokening disease and "confusion worse confounded."

"A curious trial," says a foreign paper, "is pending at Stuttgart. The tenor, Herr Sontheim, is pleading against his director not to have to sing Herr Wagner's music. The famous tenor maintains, as his case, that he was engaged for singing parts, and not to break his voice."

Signor Petrella's 'Contessa d'Amalfi,' not long since presented at Turin, promises, it is said, to be the opera of the season there,—Signora Bendazzi being the *prima donna*, to the content of her audiences. Here it may be said that Signora Leonilda Boschetto, another lady who has found great favour (as our readers may recollect) in Italy, and is one of the company at Barcelona, in which Mr. Santley has engaged to appear, turns out, if all tales are true, to be French by origin, if not by training, —Mlle. Léonie Bousquet translated!

The Cecilian Mass, celebrated, according to usage, this year, on the 22nd, in the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, is to be Beethoven's noble Mass in C major, till now not heard in the French capital. It is remarkable that this most unexceptionable among the master's choral compositions is the one of his works on which commentators have the least dwelt—a slight analysis attempted in this journal many years ago being the only study of the kind that we recollect. M. Berlioz dismisses the Mass disdainfully, as a *pasticcio* into which separate movements written for other purposes (not specified) were inwrought. From first to last, the Master's seal is set on it. How is it—to return from the work to the occasion—that our old honest custom of musically keeping St. Cecilia's Day in this country has been so completely laid aside? Is there no stirring the ambition of our City companies, rolling in wealth, to revive such days as those when a commission could be given to Handel, and an 'Alexander's Feast' result?

Dr. Liszt's 'Gran Mass' may possibly be attempted in Paris during the season. Whether the difficulties of its music can receive due justice from such inexpert chorus-singers as the French, is a question.

M. Gautier's new opera, 'Trésor de Pierrot,' just produced at the Opéra Comique, is described in the *Gazette Musicale* as a score not calculated "to add to its author's reputation." This, so far as we are aware, was still to make—the writer being known by little beyond his setting of the objectionable 'Docteur Mirobolan.' The story is one of old-fashioned farce, to which it appears that M. Montaubry *descends*, with not the best grace in the world.

'Mireille,' reduced into three acts, and with important alterations and additions, is to be given at the Théâtre Lyrique, immediately.

The Parisian pedants, and those ignorant of the art of singing, have been attacking Mlle. Adelina Patti for venturing changes in the florid music of 'Il Barbieri'; and M. d'Ortigue, in the *Journal*

des Débats, has pleasantly undertaken the defence of the youngest of the *Rosinas*, on just grounds, pointing out what, we happen to know, Signor Rossini has admitted to a great singer who consulted him on the subject, namely—that the flourishes and ornaments noted down in his early works with prodigal carelessness, are indications rather than precise instructions. Every real musician, however, though altering here and there a detail, will respect the original character and form;—especially when the brodery is not on a note to be prolonged *ad libitum*, but on a phrase accompanied by orchestra or voices, thus forming a part of the main structure. The crusade against all ornament has led to a neglect of the study of what is a distinct and delicate branch of the singer's art, and we are glad when a writer who is strengthened by experience as well as prompted by impulse draws attention to the question. The continuation of M. d'Ortigue's article is more interesting still, relating as it does to the musical text of this immortal comic opera (if opera lively or severe can be immortal). The critic regrets that in the Lesson scene *Rosina* have got the habit of interpolating strange music; seeing that the composer himself provided the situation with a grand *scena*, as appears in the autograph score deposited in the *Lyceo* of Bologna, and printed by Signor Guidi, of Florence (that Elzevir of musical publishers), as one of the cheap yet exquisite publications at present issuing from his press. The *scena* is in D major, composed of three movements,—a *maestoso*, a *vivace*, an *allegro moderato*, more extensive than, and equally brilliant with, that in the first act. While it may be submitted that an entire difference of style (if not of composer) is less offensive in this Lesson scene than in almost any other position which could be named, we agree with M. d'Ortigue that this original *scena* if sung would give 'Il Barbieri' a new interest. The forms, however, in which that opera was published during its earliest days are puzzling in their variations. An old copy is before us (printed at Leipzig, it is true, and the accompaniments arranged by Jerome Payer), in which a *Cavatina*, "Cara adorata immagine" (left out, we are apprised, at Vienna), is published as belonging to "the Lesson scene." What is more, before the final chorus we have a splendid *Rondo* of parade for the *prima donna*, consisting of three grand movements, the first a florid and developed *maestoso*, the second brief *adagio*, also florid,—the third the well-known "Non più mesta," with a *coda* entirely different from the one in use; and other marked diversities. All these things go against the enforcement of finality, or the authority of tradition as applied to stage works. The old composers themselves have not shown any extraordinary solicitude on the point. A *bravura*, by Bertoni, figures as a part of Gluck's 'Orphée,' by Gluck's own connivance; so, too, does Gossec's air of 'Hercules' in his 'Alceste' 'Almaviva's' serenade in this very 'Barbieri' was written by the Prince of Almaviva—Garcia, the tenor singer. The subject is one to which reference must be made from time to time (if only as a check on the flat assertors and wholesale denouncers), but it is next to inexhaustible. In the present case, there is small hope of Signor Rossini seriously setting his scores in order, as he would wish to have them handed down to posterity.

The far North has been fertile in singers of late. Every report that reaches us repeats the assurance that Mlle. Nilsson, of the Théâtre Lyrique, is a young artist of more than ordinary promise, and not merely a puppet trained up for appearance in one part. M. d'Ortigue, in a late *feuilleton*, assures us that M. Wartel, who has formed some distinguished pupils, has now in hand a Norwegian young lady, Mlle. Tellefson, from whom much may be expected.

Every one must be glad to read of new plays being tried in the country,—of any measure in Art which relieves our friends in the provinces from absolute dependence on the metropolis. The Dublin Theatre has found a new national "sensation" drama for itself in a piece entitled 'Arrah na Pogue.'

There is a new play at the Théâtre Vaudeville, 'La Jeunesse de Mirabeau,' by M. Langlé, which journalists describe as striking in more points than

one—the state of public judgment and private opinion in Paris considered.

A new and capacious theatre is to be built at Palermo.

MISCELLANEA

A Creation without Creatures.—In the cause both of logic and philosophy, I wish to raise the question, how far the form of argument relied on by Colonel Greenwood, in the *Athenæum* for Oct. 22, is tenable. He writes, "A creator without a creation is scarcely more contradictory than a creation without creatures." And, again, "it is *contrary* . . . to all reason and analogy, to suppose that the Almighty Creator should have left His magnificent work, this glorious globe, to swing through space tenantless for ages." The italics are mine. The writer then goes on to ask what evidence there is for this supposition. Surely, if it be either contradictory in itself, or contrary to both reason and analogy, it is an act of superfluous caution to make that inquiry. But is that supposition contradictory, or contrary to reason? "A creator without creation" is a contradiction, like "a whole greater than its part"; for "creator" and "creation" are employed correlative, each serving to define the other. But, if by "creatures" be understood *created objects having life*, I do not see any contradiction in "a creation without creatures." The Almighty is supposed to have created an inanimate object, to wit, the earth, before (and ages before) He peopled it. By virtue of the creative act we call that earth a "creation." In the use of that term, we do not imply that the object created was either itself animate, or that it was in necessary connexion with animate objects created along with it or immediately after it. But it is just possible that in Colonel Greenwood's mind the term "creation," as applied to the earth, does *connote* something of the kind, something, in fact, which is contradictory of the adjunct "without (living) creatures." All I can say is, if such be the case, the assertion that, a creation without creatures is a contradiction, is a mere truism, out of which no science or theology can by any ingenuity be extracted. I conclude, therefore, that the phrase "a creation without creatures" is not in the least contrary to reason. But the writer asserts that it is also contrary to analogy. Now it is very well known that by far the largest and strongest family of sophisms have been begotten between analogy and reason. The great matter is to see that the analogy runs on all its legs. Accordingly, we shall be safe if we compare the earth to any object which, as far as our knowledge extends, is like it in itself and its surroundings, viz., a planet. But no one planet is, as yet, sufficiently well known for us to say dogmatically, "*This planet is the abode of living creatures.*" Accordingly, "a creation without creatures" is not contrary to analogy. I have purposely avoided discussing the *topic* of the gallant Colonel's letter; for I know how difficult it is to examine the form of an argument when it is mixed up with material questions. The matter, be it what it may, cannot be material to the logic. In the *Athenæum* for July 30th, you administered a censure, and with justice, I thought, to a young logician, for employing the rational (not the analogical) part of Colonel Greenwood's argument. I do not pretend to deal out censures; but I desire to point out what seems to me a case of logogedaly (to use Coleridge's phrase), and one which has often imposed on people the notion that we can *a priori* pronounce on final causes and cosmological economy.

C. M. INGLEBY.

Local Temperature.—In reference to some remarks by one of your Correspondents on local temperature (*Athenæum* of last week, page 644), in connexion with the paper I read at the late Meeting of the British Association on the temperature of Bath, I may state that, so far as I am aware, there have been hitherto no registers kept in Bath sufficiently trustworthy to furnish data for estimating the relative ranges of day and night temperature at different periods of the year, interesting and important as such results would be if accurately determined. If the writer of the above

14, Ludgate-hill, Nov. 18, 1864

NEW BOOKS.

remarks knows of such, or can himself supply any register that has been kept for a term of years sufficient for the purpose, I should be glad to be informed thereof. I am in great hopes that a series of observations with the barometer, thermometer, and rain-gauge will be commenced before long at the Bath Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, with the express view of collecting correct data for a right estimate of the Bath climate, so much needed when we consider the large number of invalids who resort to Bath for the restoration of health. I may take this opportunity of stating that in the report of my paper in the *Athenæum* for October 8, page 466, there are two errors of the press which require to be pointed out. The assumed mean winter temperature of Bath, there given as 60°, should have been 40°; and the lowest temperature, registered last year, given as 55°, should have been 25°. L. JENYNS.

Viscount Alexander de Facy de Hony.—Perhaps some one of your correspondents may be able and willing to give me a little information regarding the above-named foreigner, who was, if I mistake not, a man of note in his day. In what year did he die? and what is known of his public career? As may be learnt from a copy of one of his letters now lying before me, dated 24th of November, 1802, he was at that time "Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, Knight of the Order of St. Valademer and St. Anne." I have in my possession a MS. volume of 152 pages, by a well-known philanthropist, the late Mr. Samuel Rosborough, of Dublin, in which are given sundry most interesting particulars of the early adventures of De Facy in that city, in the year 1791, and of his highly honourable conduct towards his benefactors, when he was subsequently placed in very different circumstances. I am anxious to know whether this narrative, which was drawn up by Mr. Rosborough, as he states in the preface, "for the entertainment, and at the particular desire, of several of his friends," has, either in whole or in part, appeared in print. The author requested that those to whom he lent his MS. would not allow a copy to be taken; and the reason he assigned (1st of August, 1798) was, that as "he (De Facy) is yet living, and in a highly respectable situation in life, the tale, if made more public than this is intended to be, might reach his ears, and be of the greatest possible injury to him." He was, as I may observe, in the service of the Russian tyrant of whom he makes frequent mention in his letters to Mr. Rosborough. The following letter from "that great and good man," Matthew Young, D.D., Bishop of Clonfert (who was so bright an ornament to the University of Dublin), to Miss Charlotte Burgh, is appended to the narrative:—

"My dear Miss Burgh,—Many thanks to you for the interesting narrative which you and my worthy friend Bourne (the Rev. Richard Bourne, M.A., Chancellor of St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1781-1810, and subsequently Dean of Tuam) were so kind as to permit me to see. I am persuaded that I never in the course of so few pages met with so many beautiful and pathetic passages. The Viscount's second visit to Newgate (in which he had been a prisoner under sentence of transportation to Botany Bay) made a great impression on me, and his soliloquy in his mother's gardens; but the incidents in the Minster and in York are, beyond all comparison, the finest things almost I ever met with. It is downright painting in the finest style. What a miracle of beauty would De Facy have made of the whole!—Yours most sincerely,

"M. CLONFERT."

—The favourable opinion of such a man as Bishop Young in a matter of the kind is certainly no mean recommendation. Mr. Rosborough informs his readers in a postscript in the last page of the volume, that "letters have been received from Count De Facy in 1821, which there is not room here to insert." May I ask where these letters, if extant, are now to be found?

BEAVER H. BLACKER, Clk.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. H.—G. A.—J. B. D.—J. W. M. G. W.—Philologus—H. C. C.—J. D. C.—R. W.—received.

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